

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,036



OCTOBER 5 1889

THE GRAPHIC.

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LOOKING DOWN



LOOKING UP

VISITORS TO THE EIFFEL TOWER, PARIS

Topics of the Week

ITALY AND THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.—The article on this subject in the *Contemporary Review* is certainly clever and readable, but few persons who give serious attention to foreign politics will be of opinion that the writer deals in a fair and comprehensive spirit with the action of Italy. He omits from consideration some of the most important elements of the question he undertakes to settle. His view seems to be that in concluding an alliance with Germany and Austria Italian statesmen cared nothing for the real interests of their country, but desired only to do something that would attract attention, and cause themselves to be talked about. If that were a true account of the matter, they would deserve all the reproaches with which he seeks to overwhelm them. But Signor Crispi and his colleagues look at the matter from a very different point of view. To them the dominant facts of the situation are that there are unsolved problems of vast significance, which may at any time lead to war between Germany and Austria on the one hand, and France and Russia on the other, and that Italy might be vitally affected by the consequences of the struggle. Suppose that in such a war Germany and Austria were beaten—and no one can pretend to think that this result is impossible—would Italy be in as secure a position as that which she now occupies? She would be absolutely at the mercy of France, which would then be the dominant Power in Western Europe; and Italians feel very far from sure that the French would display towards them either generosity or justice. Every priest in France holds that the temporal authority of the Papacy ought to be restored, and who shall say that the French Government, whether Republican, Royalist, or Imperialist, might not find it convenient, if Germany no longer stood in the way, to take the clerical side in this controversy? As long as the first place on the Continent belongs to Germany, Italy is safe; but Italy does not believe that she would be safe if the political centre of gravity were shifted from Berlin to Paris. That may not, perhaps, be a sufficient reason for Italian foreign policy; but it is at any rate a serious reason, and ought to be taken into account. If "Outidanos" had given it the weight which properly attaches to it, he would have spoken rather less dogmatically about the shortcomings of the statesmen whom he so sharply criticises.

AMERICA AGAINST THE OLD WORLD.—This may be regarded as rather a harsh way of describing the International American Congress which has just assembled at Washington; but it can scarcely be denied that this noteworthy gathering is a practical consequence of the celebrated Monroe doctrine, which has for years past been one of the most important items of the creed of United States' citizens. Its potency has been recently manifested by the hostility shown to the Panama Canal enterprise of M. de Lesseps, and that hostility would have been far more strongly shown if the scheme of the great French engineer had proved to be a success instead of a disastrous failure. But of course the Congress has more practical aims in view than the mere promulgation of a popular doctrine. Those who during the last few years have studied the leading American newspapers must have noticed the greatly increased interest which is taken in the States of Central and Southern America—that is to say, of the States lying between the Mexican frontier and Cape Horn. The citizens of the United States feel that they have a very small share of the trade of those communities, and they desire to have a great deal more. They wish to oust the European countries from their practical monopoly. In Mexico this has already been to some extent accomplished. The old days of violent annexation are over, probably never to return; but the Mexican Republic has been peacefully invaded, its territories have been pierced by railways constructed with American capital, and it has, consequently, virtually become, for many purposes, an outlying section of the United States. It is now proposed to apply the same processes to the far more important States of South America. Against this desire for closer commercial intercourse there are, however, interposed some formidable obstacles. Hitherto, the South Americans have been accustomed to get from Europe everything which they want, and which cannot be produced within their own boundaries; nor is it an easy task to divert trade from well-accustomed channels. The South Americans will naturally say to their energetic neighbours in the North, "If you wish us to buy your goods in preference to those from Europe, you must admit our produce, especially our wool, free to your markets." Should the Americans resolve to yield this point, the decision will have far-reaching consequences, for America under Free Trade would become a far more formidable competitor in the markets of the world generally than she is at present.

COTTON AND "CORNERERS."—There is joy—we hope, not premature—at the collapse of the great cotton gamble. Once more proof is afforded that a stern Nemesis dogs the footsteps of the "cornerer" and his hybrid tribe. Many a time has it appeared to the outside world that splendid success, "beyond the dreams of avarice," only waited to be reaped.

And then, just at the last moment, the unexpected would happen, and down by the run came the whole edifice of speculation. Although the *modus operandi* has many variations, the central aim is always the same—to secure control over some commodity, the supply of which can be approximately calculated, and, having done so, to advance the price against the consumer. In the case of the Liverpool cotton gamble, the operating ring intervened between the producers in America and the manufacturers in England, leaving the latter to square matters, if they could, with their customers. If they succeeded, the consumer would have to bear the loss in higher prices for cotton goods; if they failed to come to terms, they would either have to close their mills or to produce at a loss. It cannot be gainsaid that, as commercial business is carried on nowadays, this sort of work is quite legitimate. It is merely a pronounced development of that speculation which forms the basis of all trade. Quite so, and yet it has special dangers of its own for the whole community. The English working-classes will not for ever submit to be thrown out of work, not by unavoidable circumstances, but through the tricks of the cornerer. Why should not the great cotton lords of Lancashire combine to supply their requirements at first-hand from the various cotton-producing countries? If speculators can buy up crops wholesale on the other side of the Atlantic, and so forestall the market, there cannot be anything to prevent manufacturers from taking a leaf out of their book—and that would finish the gambling middleman once for all.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.—No one, of course, expects the proceedings of a Church Congress to be followed by any very striking immediate results. But that these assemblies are of real service to the Church there can be no doubt. They bring together men belonging to many different schools of thought; and it has often been found by experience that friendly intercourse at such gatherings tends more than anything else to help those who cannot in all things think alike to work together in peace and charity. One remarkable characteristic of the Congress is that it becomes every year more and more practical. People sometimes complain that the clergy are not in touch with "the masses," and it is true that the temptation of preachers is to deal with questions which are too abstract to be of much interest to ordinary men and women. But it is evident that the spirit of the age is beginning to influence powerfully the leading minds among the clergy. At no previous period have so many persons been interested in the problems relating to the poverty and misery of vast masses of the population. Their interest in the subject does not always—or, perhaps, often—lead them to talk about it wisely; but there can be no doubt as to the fact that a genuine desire for the improvement of our social conditions is felt by an immense number of people who at one time troubled themselves very little about the matter. That this movement has awakened cordial sympathy in the Church is proved by the earnestness with which social questions are being discussed at the Congress. The housing of the poor, their difficulties, their temptations, their amusements, are all receiving the attention they deserve; and many a clergyman, we may hope, will go back to his work feeling that he has received a fresh stimulus for the discharge of what is by far the most important part of his duty. If the Congress should produce such an effect as this, those who have had the trouble of organising it will be justified in feeling that they are well rewarded for their labour.

SOME LESSONS OF THE RECENT STRIKE.—Owing in a great measure to the sympathetic attitude assumed by the outside public, the strikers scored a victory in the late struggle. Their success was certain to breed imitation elsewhere, and it is to be hoped that the Rotterdam dispute will be brought to a close in an equally amicable fashion. But the public must bear clearly in mind that if they go on encouraging these manifestations, instead of leaving such questions to the old inexorable laws (now quite out of fashion) of supply and demand, they must be prepared to pay higher prices for everything they consume, and in that case, as everybody is a consumer, it is doubtful whether anybody would be better off than he now is. Many persons, for example, believe that tram-car, omnibus, and railway servants are overworked and underpaid, and that they ought to get the same wages which they now get for a much shorter day of labour. Amen! say we; but who is to pay the additional expense caused by such an arrangement? Surely not the companies which employ these men. They are not charitable agencies, but commercial concerns endeavouring to earn a dividend for their shareholders' money. The only legitimate way, therefore, to effect such a reform would be to increase the fares, and if this did not cause an outcry, especially from those persons who delight in generosity when the burden falls on others, we should be surprised. Turning to another branch of the subject, we fully agree with a correspondent that if the Australian Trades Unionists, instead of employing their contributions for the purpose of prolonging the strike, had spent the money in emigrating a lot of these unlucky "Dockers" to Kangaroo Land, they would have acted with more sense and more humanity. The casual dockers, who began the strike, are now literally left out in the cold, and they will have less opportunity this winter of such chance-employment than they ever had before.

RAISING THE ANGLO-GERMAN BLOCKADE.—After accomplishing nothing, or next to nothing, the Anglo-German blockade of the Zanzibar coast has come to an end. Did any one ever expect it to do great things? It was ushered in, no doubt, with an abundance of high falutin' talk about cutting off the Arab slave-dealers from their only market for "black ivory," while the "interests of humanity" were supposed to be immensely concerned in the joint-endeavour. But it soon became apparent that the Bismarckian conception did not exactly tally with that of Lord Salisbury. The great Chancellor had, at the time, the German East African Company on his hands, and he thought it might possibly be within the scope of the undertaking to give that struggling enterprise a bit of a lift. But Lord Salisbury preferred to stick by the letter of the contract, and politely declined to sanction British co-operation in any land operations. Then Prince Bismarck, finding East African adventure a worrying and exacting business, washed his hands of the whole affair, snubbed those whom he had previously caressed, and once more concentrated his regards on that precious entity, the Pomeranian soldier. And so the partnership "in the interests of humanity" is at an end, without loss or gain either to the partners, or to the world at large. The slave-trade will never be suppressed by such instrumentality. If the whole coast could be effectually blockaded, that might in time check the horrible traffic. But there is good reason to believe that cargoes of black ivory are shipped even within a few miles of Suakin, while there are multitudes of creeks adapted for the purpose of the whole way down to Zanzibar. The only way of stopping the trade is to strike at its fountain head in the interior, and perhaps Mr. Stanley, who should reach Mombasa this month, will be able to give us an inkling as to the best way of "cornering" the slave kings.

QUEEN NATALIE.—Whatever we may think of the wisdom of Queen Natalie, it is impossible not to admire her pluck. King Milan was resolved that she should not go to Belgrade except on condition that she complied with terms laid down by himself; and the Regents and Ministers, after having encouraged her to come, turned round, and begged her not to embarrass them with her presence. Nevertheless, in Belgrade she is, and in Belgrade, apparently, she proposes to remain. And her enemies have had an opportunity of seeing that she is by no means an opponent to be despised. All sorts of attempts have been made to minimise the importance of the extraordinary welcome accorded to her by the people. It is not disputed, however, that the enthusiasm displayed on the occasion of her arrival was genuine, and that she is at the present moment the most popular person in Serbia. It may be that the crowd by which she was received desired only to express sympathy with a woman who was supposed to have been unjustly deprived of the rights of a mother. But, whether this be so or not, it is obvious that the regard felt by the Serbians for the Queen is a force which, if she plays her game skilfully, she may readily turn to political account. No one seems to be quite certain as to her real intentions. She herself professes to have no other wish than to be near her son; but that scarcely seems to afford an adequate explanation of her conduct. It is probable enough that she would like to make things uncomfortable for the ex-King, who detests her, and whose detestation she returns; but even feminine spite would hardly have tempted her to act with the remarkable boldness she has always exhibited. She is an enthusiastic politician, with a passion for political intrigue; and it may be assumed that, whatever her ultimate aims may be, they are aims which, if attained, would gratify a far-reaching ambition. Queen Natalie's schemes may not, in the immediate future, be a danger to European peace, for the Russians are evidently not ready for a great war. But her presence in Belgrade will be a source of continual trouble to the Regents, who are no doubt longing—but longing in vain—for some political Petruchio capable of undertaking the task of "The Taming of the Shrew."

QUICK-FIRING GUNS AND SMOKELESS POWDER.—At the recent meeting of his company at Elswick, Lord Armstrong made some noteworthy remarks on these closely-allied subjects. Closely-allied, we say, because to fire one of these new guns quickly with the ordinary powder would be impossible, on account of the hanging smoke from the discharge. Even with the so-called smokeless powders now in use, the smoke is present in a volume sufficient to cause a partial hindrance. But a new powder, says Lord Armstrong, has recently been invented, called cordite, on account of its string-like form, which is impervious to damp, and is absolutely smokeless, and which, should it prove satisfactory in other respects, will render the use of quick-firing guns not only an advantage, but a necessity. If these discoveries should be perfected, and brought into regular military use, the battle-fields of the future will present a strange spectacle. They will be as smokeless as the scenes of action in which arrows were the sole weapons possessing motive power, and, on account of this clearness of the atmosphere, the slaughter is likely to be terrible. As Lord Armstrong says nothing of the frightful, and almost poisonous, stench which has been complained of in some of the Continental experiments with smokeless powder, it is to be presumed that that objection does not apply to the powders which he describes.

ETHNOGRAPHY BEARING WITNESS.—Now that ethnography has held an International Congress of its own, it passes into the ranks of the accredited sciences. Very pleasant withal, is its *début*; the address delivered by General Ki-Tong at the opening sitting was sufficient by itself to stamp the Congress as something out of the common. It required not a little courage in this citizen of Far Cathay to tell the Parisians that they have more to learn from China

NOTICE.—*With this Number is issued a COLOURED TWO-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing an ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE on the LIFE AND WORKS of the FRENCH MILITARY PAINTER, M. EDOUARD DETAILLE.*

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LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART.—A Story of the French Revolution.—Every Evening at Eight o'clock, **THE DEAD HEART:** Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Arthur Stirling, Mr. Righton; Miss Kate Phillips and Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, 10 to 5. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—**LYCEUM.**

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Algernon Syms, J. B. Howe, W. Steadman, W. Glenn, W. Gardiner, H. Varna.
Bigwood, Munro, &c.—VARIETIES.—Concluding with THE PHANTOM
BREAKFAST.

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UP AND DOWN THE EIFFEL TOWER

M. RENOUARD's sketches are self-explanatory. In one we have half-a-dozen contented folk, who have successfully achieved the ascent of M. Eiffel's monster structure, and having duly recorded their prowess in the pages of the *Figaro's* visitors' book, and thus handed down their names to posterity, are enjoying the wonderful view over Paris and its surroundings, which either of the three stages affords. The passers-by in the Exhibition grounds below look like a colony of busy ants, while the motley crowd at the base of the Tower appears to be a sea of microscopic faces. The persons composing this crowd are of all nations and all classes, and are waiting with more or less patience for their turn to be admitted, and in our second illustration are willing the time away by craning their necks to gaze at the earlier visitors, who have already secured the summit of their ambition, and of the Tower.

"A MAN'S SHADOW" AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE

THIS piece has been ingeniously adapted by Mr. Robert Buchanan from a drama, by MM. Jules Mary and Georges Grevier, called *Roger La Honte*, which has been performed for several months with great success at the Ambigu Theatre, Paris. - We need not again relate the plot, but be content to mention a few of the leading features. A bad woman, Julie de Noirville (Miss Julia Neilson), desires to be revenged on a former admirer, one Laroque, because, being now married, he repudiates her renewed attentions. She accordingly conspires with a villain named Luversan, who has motives of his own for vengeance against Laroque. Luversan murders a banker, relieves him of 100,000

frances, sends the money, through Julia, to Laroque, who, being in financial straits, accepts the fatal cash, and is forthwith accused of being the banker's assassin, because a strong personal resemblance exists between himself and Luversan. It will be noticed that these strange incidents belong rather to Stageland than to real life; nevertheless, the piece, which was produced at the Haymarket on September 12th, has achieved a decided success. As did Mr. Irving in *The Lyons Mail*, so Mr. Beerbohm Tree "doubles" the characters of the villain and his victim; while Julia's husband, Raymond de Noirville, an honourable advocate, who has hitherto been ignorant of his wife's previous history, is impressively enacted by Mr. Fernandez. His chief opportunity occurs in the trial scene, where, while defending his friend Laroque, a note from Luversan informs him of his wife's faithlessness and treachery. He resolves to do his duty, but falls stricken down with apoplexy, and dies in open court. Another thrilling episode is the incident of the murder, which is witnessed through a window in the depths of the stage.

"THE MIDDLEMAN" AT THE SHAFTESBURY
THEATRE

THIS play, which is written by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, was produced by Messrs. Willard and Lart at the Shaftesbury Theatre on August 27th, and has since been running a prosperous career. The ground-motive of *The Middleman* somewhat resembles that of *Arkwright's Wife*, inasmuch as it deals with the tribulations of an impetuous inventor; but Mr. Jones's ambition has rather been to furnish a study of character than to rely on strong situations. We have already detailed the plot; it is enough, therefore, to say here that Mr. Willard on this occasion, instead of enacting his usual villain, takes the part of Cyrus Blenkarn, the half-crazy man of genius, who, as a humble workman in the pottery district, invents a special glaze for earthenware, and is jockeyed out of his pecuniary reward by the unscrupulous, self-seeking middleman, Josiah Chandler (Mr. Macintosh). The plot is further complicated by Blenkarn's discovery that his much-loved daughter (sympathetically played by Miss Maude Millett) has been betrayed, and to all appearance deserted, by Blenkarn's son.

"THE DEAD HEART" AT THE LYCEUM

As our dramatic critic gives a full account of this piece on another page, a few general observations will suffice here. *The Dead Heart* is put on the Lyceum stage with all the completeness and carefulness which characterise Mr. Irving's management, but which was almost unknown to the managers and playgoers of thirty years ago. Mr. Charles Kean had certainly shortly before set them an example in his elaborate series of Shakespearian revivals, but as these revivals certainly did not spell pecuniary profit, other managers may be excused for having feared to follow his lead. And yet if, as is likely, *The Dead Heart* achieves a prolonged run, it will be partly due to the fact that Mr. Irving is the very prince of stage managers. For, though the main incidents are striking, the play is, as regards its dialogue, but a poor affair, and but little brilliancy has been imparted by the reviser to Mr. Watts Phillips's original version. The characters, too, are on the whole rather stagey and conventional, nor is there really a very good part for any of the performers. Robert Landry, Catherine Duval, and the Abbé Latour might all have been written up so as to produce a far greater effect. All the more credit then to Mr. Irving, Miss Terry, and Mr. Bancroft, by whom respectively they are all admirably represented. The *mise-en-scène* and the street mobs are most realistic; the spectator seems to be carried back a hundred years, and to be an actual eye-witness of the Terror, yet with the substantial advantage of knowing that his own head is tolerably safe on his shoulders.

A LION HUNT IN BIRMINGHAM

MUCH excitement has been caused at Birmingham by the escape of two lions from Wombwell's menagerie, which had been visiting the town on the occasion of the Annual Fair, and had established its quarters on a piece of waste ground known as the Old Peck, at Aston. It appears that while the keeper's attention was diverted by a quarrel between an ostrich and a deer, a mischievous elephant withdrew the fastening of a moveable wooden shutter leading from the lions' den. Two of the inmates—a young black-maned Nubian lion and a lioness—availed themselves of such an opportunity to make their escape. The male lion was the only one observed by the general public, and he at first seemed quite stunned by the noise of the organs and other harmonious sounds of the Fair, and hid under a caravan. A number of Wombwell's men, however, were quickly on the spot with ropes and iron bars, and the animal dashed across the ground, scattering men, women, and children in wild confusion, and, dashing into a neighbouring brook, crept into a sewer and disappeared from public view. The chief lion-tamer, Marcus Orenzo, however, hearing his charge roar, descended a man-hole, and, armed with a revolver and accompanied by a boardman, started through the drain to drive the beast back to the original outlet, where a transfer-cage was placed to trap the wanderer. Crawling along, Orenzo caught sight of the lion, which at first turned to bay, but fled at the discharge of the revolver, and finally, startled by a resounding bark of the dog, bounded into the cage and was carefully secured. The good people of Birmingham slept in peace and quietude that night, little dreaming that a lioness was prowling about the sewers. Wombwell's people were well aware of the fact, however, and, communicating with the police, organised a second hunt, this time without the knowledge of the general public. At two o'clock on Sunday morning, accordingly, Mr. Bostock, the manager, with a dozen of his men, undertook a second hunt, the lioness having been at liberty for thirty-six hours. Marcus Orenzo this time declined to head the pursuit, so two young *employés* at the menagerie undertook the task, and armed with a policeman's lantern and a revolver apiece, descended the manhole. They could hear the growl afar off, and accordingly tried several other man-holes, until they headed her towards one, where several sewers converge, and at the bottom of which there is a large circumference. Here Mr. Bostock resolved to entrap her, and let down a strong rope with a slip knot. The two men then drove the lioness forward with revolver shots, until she neared the spot, and then, the ammunition being exhausted, one of them pulled off his boot, and banged it against the piping until the frightened animal retreated into the noose, which was quickly drawn tightly round her loins, and she was hauled into the open air. Even then the trouble was not at an end, for a bacon-box had been brought in mistake for a trap cage, and though this was wedged tightly down upon the animal, her head remained outside, and she roared and fought desperately, taking all the efforts of ten determined men to hold her down until the arrival of a proper cage, when, as one of our illustrations (which are from sketches by Mr. E. G. Mountford, of Birmingham) depicts, the ropes were passed through the open door and out of the bars, so that, at the word of command, the unfortunate animal was suddenly pulled from the bacon-box into the trap and secured.

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

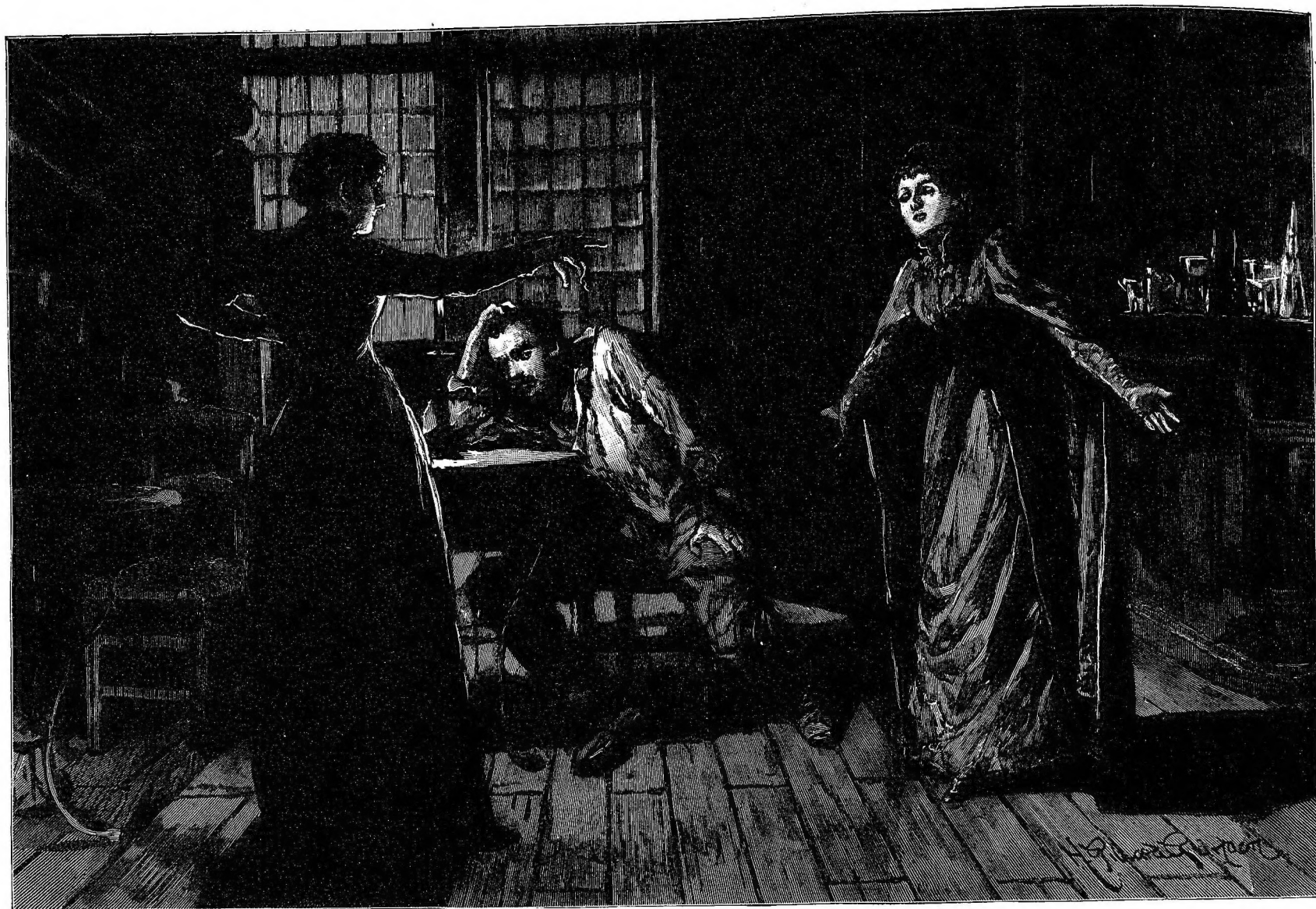
A NEW serial story by William Black, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 413.

Small, is continued on page 413.

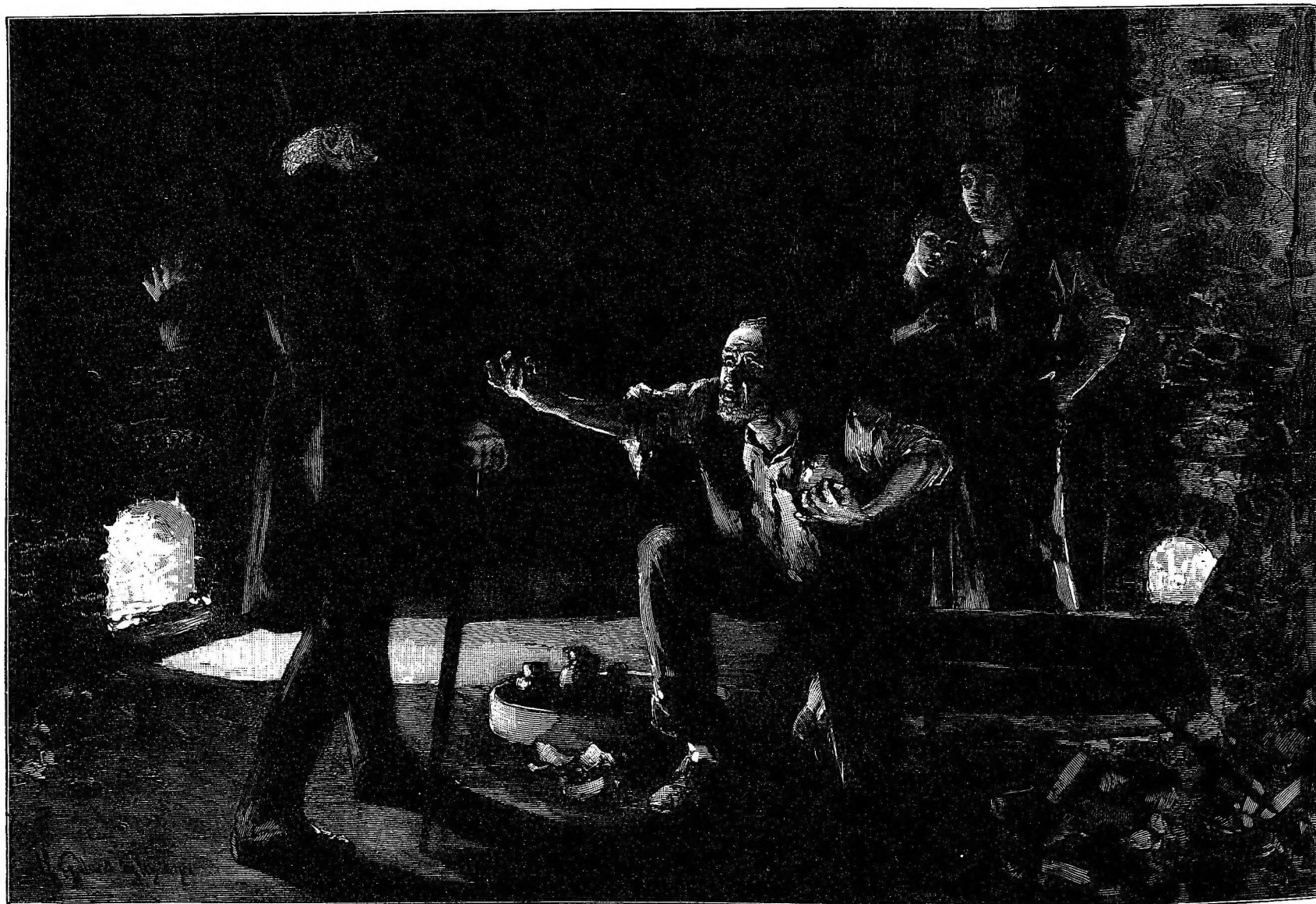
CONVICT LIFE AT WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON, I.

See pages 416 and 417.

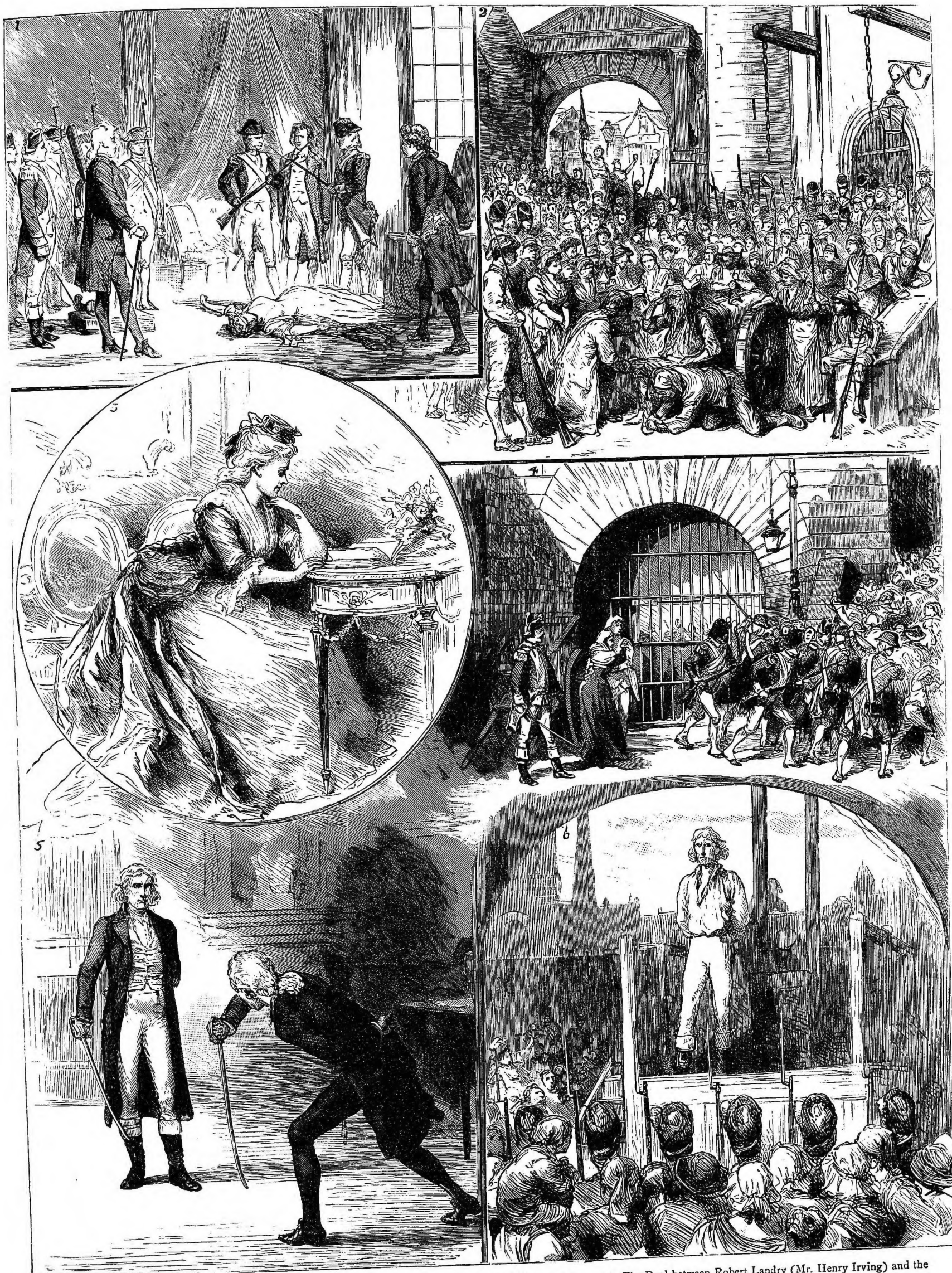
See pages 416 and 417.



Mrs. Beerbohm Tree as Henriette Laroque Mr. Beerbohm Tree as Lucien Laroque Miss Julia Neilson as Julie de Norville
 "A MAN'S SHADOW" AT THE HAYMARKET—ACT IV. THE SCENE IN THE AUBERGE



Joseph Chandler (Mr. Mackintosh) Cyrus Blenkarn (Mr. Willard)
 "THE MIDDLEMAN" AT THE SHAFTESBURY
 CYRUS BLENKARN: "Buy back the strength of my hands that I have wasted for you"
 NEW PLAYS AT THE LONDON THEATRES



1. The Arrest of Landry (Mr. Henry Irving)
2. Landry Rescued from the Bastille

3. The Comtesse de St. Valéry (Miss Ellen Terry)
4. Entrance to the Prison of the Conciergerie

5. The Duel between Robert Landry (Mr. Henry Irving) and the
Abbé Latour (Mr. Bancroft)
6. The Execution of Landry

"THE DEAD HEART" AT THE LYCEUM

INCIDENTS IN THE DAILY LIFE OF THE GRAND SHEREEF OF MOROCCO

SOME sixteen years ago much interest was excited by the announcement that His Highness Prince Abdeslam, Prince of Wazzam, and Grand Shereef of Morocco, had married an English lady, Emily, the eldest daughter of John Keene, Esq., of Newington, Surrey. She was born in 1849, and therefore is still quite in the prime of life. The Shereef distinguished himself in the war between Spain and Morocco in 1859-60 by the warlike enthusiasm with which his religious appeals inspired the Moorish soldiery. As a lineal descendant from the Prophet, and as Chief of the most religious order of Muley Taieb, the Shereef exercises through the whole of Barbary an influence exceeding that of the Sultan himself. He is described as a most enlightened man, who is desirous of introducing European ideas and civilisation.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. A. S. Martin, of 55, Wellington Road, Clapham, S.W.

Mr. Martin informs us that the Grand Shereef is about middle age, of commanding appearance, and follows European customs as far as his religion will permit. Although possessing immense estates at Wazzam, and elsewhere in the interior, he prefers residing at Tangier, where he has a charming villa on the Marshan, and also a town residence facing the bay, next to the Continental Hotel. This house is most elaborately furnished in European style, and here he generally receives European visitors; here is to be found a very fine collection of European and native fire-arms, besides a great collection of *bric-a-brac* from different parts of the world. He is a great sportsman, and frequently goes on expeditions in search of game, and those Europeans whom he favours with an invitation may consider themselves highly honoured, and also count upon excellent sport and good entertainment. When he is riding through the town of Tangier the Moors flock to obtain a glimpse of him, or to kiss the hem of his garment. Occasionally he receives deputations from different tribes, who bring with them presents of cattle; at other times, when they cannot obtain justice from the Government, they lay their grievances before him, and his intercession on their behalf generally has a satisfactory result. In general, he is very popular with the European residents at Tangier, and is better known to the Spaniards as El Santo, the Saint.

His influence over the Mahomedans extends to Algeria, and is acknowledged by the French authorities, and in event of a tribal revolt his presence alone is sufficient to settle any disturbance.

A LONDON WOOL SALE

See page 422.

HOLLAND HOUSE AND ITS OWNERS, II.

See pp. 423 et seqq.



POLITICAL.—Mr. Chamberlain, on Tuesday, carried the war into the enemy's camp, by delivering a vigorous and effective Unionist speech at a meeting, presided over by Lord Armstrong, in Newcastle-on-Tyne, the borough represented by John Morley and a local Gladstonian. One of his most important statements was that the Government intend, next Session, to attempt to deal in a final manner with the Irish Land Question. He pointed out that every authority on Ireland had acknowledged that the origin of Irish disaffection was to be found in the agrarian question. Why, asked Mr. Chamberlain, are we to abandon it now? Why are we to give it up and throw it to the winds, and to take up a brand new policy in its place, because Mr. Gladstone has failed? and failed because he did not carry out Mr. Bright's doctrine, that there can be no satisfactory solution of the Irish land difficulty, which does not give facilities to the tenant to become the absolute owner of the land he cultivates. This was the principle which had shaped, and would continue to shape, the Unionist Legislation of the Government, and wherever their measures in this direction had received application, peace and order had been substituted for discontent and disaffection. At a breakfast given him on Wednesday by the local Liberal Unionists, Mr. Chamberlain said that Mr. Gladstone, instead of explaining his Home Rule proposals, abused his opponents. This was because he knew that he could not logically defend any scheme involving the creation of a separate Irish Parliament. There might be different schemes; but, if there was to be an authority in Ireland clothed with Parliamentary powers, it would be absolutely impossible to stop short of giving entire separation. Mr. Gladstone was much too clever not to see the weakness of his position.—Addressing, on Monday, his constituents at Sheffield, Mr. Stuart Wortley, Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, cited, among several instances of encouragement given by Mr. Gladstone to Parliamentary obstructionists, that "a Radical member" (Mr. Labouchere) having proclaimed his opinion that even the making of a bad speech was time well employed, because it prevented the Government from bringing forward matters which they considered to be of importance to the country, the ex-Premier forthwith went and dined with him at his villa at Twickenham.—The victory of Mr. Chaplin in the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire has strengthened the hands of the Unionists in constituencies where by-elections are pending. In all of them Conservatives and Liberal Unionists are working together cordially and energetically. The polling at Peterborough is fixed for Monday next; in Elgin and Nairnshire for the following day (Tuesday next); and in North Bucks for Friday next week, the 11th inst.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.—At its first meeting, after the vacation, on Tuesday (Lord Rosebery presiding), the Council adopted a resolution, expressive of regret for the death of its deputy-chairman, the late Mr. Firth. At the suggestion of Lord Rosebery it was agreed to defer the election of Mr. Firth's successor to the statutory day, November 7th, when the chairman, vice-chairman, and deputy-chairman would fall to be elected. After an animated discussion and several divisions, a resolution was adopted by a majority of fifty to thirty-six, authorising the Council to apply next Session—and meanwhile to take the preliminary measures with that object—for parliamentary powers to remove the block of buildings on the south side of Holywell Street, and to deal with the enclosed spaces adjoining the churches of St. Mary-le-Strand and St. Clement Danes.

REGISTRATION ITEMS.—At Kensington Rear-Admiral D'Arcy-Irvine was objected to on the ground that he had left his house. It turned out that he had done so simply to take a prominent part in the naval manoeuvres. The Revising Barrister said that he would not disfranchise a distinguished naval officer because he happened to be absent from home in discharge of duties in the service of his country.—At Chelsea the unusual complaint was made by a man whose name was on the list that it was placed there without his authority, and, indeed, against his wish. He was, he said, a member of the Social Democratic Federation, and had no faith in Parliamentary principles; he preferred stronger measures. The Revising Barrister gratified him by removing his name.—A vote was claimed by the keeper of a refreshment stall belonging to the Church of England Temperance Society. It was merely a barrow on wheels,

but was allowed by the Chelsea authorities to remain at a fixed spot. As it was not rated, the Barrister rejected the claim.—A rate-payer, who is also a barrister, having attended as one of the party-agents, but without fee, in the Greenwich Registration Court, his participation in the proceedings was objected to on the ground that the Act of Parliament prohibited any one from appearing at the Court by counsel. The Revising Barrister, with some hesitation, overruled the objection, declining the responsibility of silencing a ratepayer because he happened to be a barrister.

MISCELLANEOUS.—As this year the City of London celebrates the eight hundredth anniversary of the Mayoralty, the Lord Mayor Elect, Mr. Alderman Isaacs, intends that the annual Show shall be on a scale of almost unprecedented splendour. Its programme will be drawn up by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield and Mr. Augustus Harris.—The Commander-in-Chief has sanctioned the organisation of a Home Counties Volunteer Force Institute to enable commanding officers of corps in the district, nearly all of whom have given their adhesion to the scheme, to meet for the discussion of subjects connected with the service.—The reported existence of plans for dealing with the grounds of Holland House as a building estate is without the slightest foundation. A movement is spoken of for the acquisition of them as a public park—a second Kensington Gardens.—Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity, succeeds Dr. Searle, Master of Pembroke, as Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University; and at Oxford, Mr. Charles B. Heberden, Fellow and Vice-Principal of Brasenose, has been elected Principal of his College.—A free public library and reading-room for Southwark was opened, on Tuesday, in Charles Street, Blackfriars Road.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her eighty-fourth year, of Charlotte Viscountess Ossington, third daughter of the fourth Duke of Portland, and widow of the first Viscount, who, as Mr. J. E. Denison, was Speaker of the House of Commons from 1857 to 1872; in her ninety-second year, of Renira Antoinetta, Lady Bentinck, widow of General Sir Henry Bentinck; suddenly, of Lady Milne, wife of Admiral Sir Alexander Milne; in his seventy-second year, of General Edward G. Wynyard, Colonel of the 15th East York regiment; of Dr. Porter, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Bombay; in his fifty-eighth year, of Dr. Colin C. Grant, who only six weeks ago was ordained Roman Catholic Bishop of Aberdeen, in succession to the late Bishop Macdonald; in his eightieth year, of Dr. Protheroe Smith, the well-known specialist in diseases of women, founder of an hospital for them, which was the first of the kind in this or any other country; in his ninetieth year, of William Mason, the last survivor of the "Old Charleys," who patrolled the City before the introduction of the present City Police Force; and, in his eightieth year, of Mr. R. J. Price, whose contributions to the history of Wales and of Welsh literature, procured him a pension of 300*l.* from Her Majesty's private purse.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

THERE are one or two famous battles in English history which for some reason or other have never occupied their proper places in the national records, but have been shunted away into obscurity to make way for other engagements of very much less real character or importance. Amongst these is the Battle of Otterburn, fought upon August 5th—that is to say, about August 20th of our calendar—in the year 1388. Otterburn was not an important battle, when regarded by the light of results; but it has a character of its own which singles it out amongst a host of others which have been more respectfully treated by historians. Its origin, its incidents, and its sequel reflect exactly the romantic and chivalrous gleams of contemporary character which, we are accustomed to believe, were too often smothered and thrown into shade by lawlessness and brutality. Its history is a stirring poem in itself. The planting, by Henry Percy, of his pennon outside Newcastle walls; his challenging of Douglas to take it; how Douglas did take it, and swore he would carry it to his castle at Dalkeith; how Percy in turn swore that it should never leave England, and how he took that long, hot march of thirty-two miles in order to come up with the Scots and their trophy, form the introductory incidents. Then comes the weird, moonlight battle on Otterburn Ridge, with its touches of chivalry and generosity and pathos, and after the battle the exchange of prisoners which, so old Froissart says, "is done in such courteous manner that on their departure they return their conquerors their thanks."

This was no common brawl between rival chieftains, no mere scrimmage over a few head of game, any more than on the other hand it was, as some of the ballad-singers would have us believe, a battle on a gigantic scale. At any rate, despite the conflicting



NORTH GATEWAY—BREMIENIUM (HIGH ROCHESTER)

statements of the English and Scottish writers, each being animated by a laudable desire to magnify the prowess of his own countrymen, the Scots, with three thousand four hundred fresh men, beat the English, who had eight thousand six hundred wearied men, and nearly three thousand men on both sides were killed, wounded, and made prisoners, the Scottish chieftain being killed and Sir Henry Percy made prisoner.

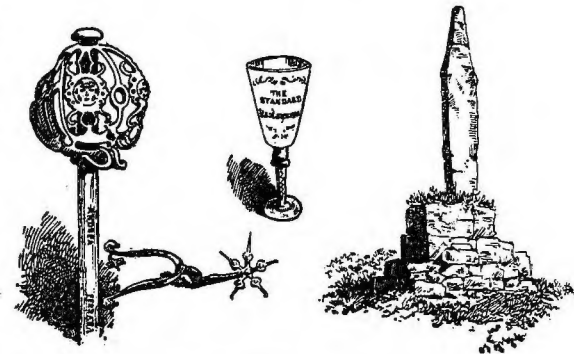
The scene of the battle is well worthy a pilgrimage, although, as may be imagined after the lapse of so many years, the traces of the battle itself are scanty. Thirty-two miles from Newcastle, on what was once the main artery of communication between England and Scotland, is the little village of Otterburn; at the date of the battle, probably, represented by a solitary pele-tower, now a quiet angling resort, situated in the midst of a pleasant pastoral vale, which contrasts vividly with the wild grandeur of the moorland country which shuts it in on all sides.

It is strange to hear that so lately as a hundred and fifty years ago this was as wild, as lawless, and as dangerous a district as can now perhaps only be matched in Central Africa. Redesdale shared with its neighbour Tynedale the distinction of being an outlawed and proscribed district, and there is still an unpeeled statute in the laws of Newcastle which forbids the member of any guild from taking as apprentice a Redesdale or Tynedale man.

When the Redesdale men were not fighting the Scot, they were fighting Tynedale, or Coquetdale, or Glendale. When not thus engaged, they were fighting with each other—clan against clan, "graine" against "graine," Hall against Potter, Reed against

Fletcher—just as in Tynedale Charltons and Robsons, Dodds and Milburns were always at each other. When not fighting with anybody, they gambled, and drank, and wrestled, and prepared for fighting and "lifting." The old families still live on the soil, the old names still cling to places, but Redesdale and Tynedale are now as famed for their perfection of farming, and for the honesty and sobriety of their inhabitants, as they were once notorious for desolation, barrenness, and blackguardism.

The Battle of Otterburn took place along the hill-ridge which bounds the main road on one side, extending from Otterburn Tower to the Greenchester Farm, where earthworks are still pointed out as having been the Scottish Camp on the fateful St. Oswald's Day, five hundred and one years ago. By the roadside, about a mile out of Otterburn village, is a little "planting" of sombre pine-trees, under the shadow of which an ancient cross rears its battered and time-worn stones. This is traditionally said to mark the place



THE HESLEYSIDE RELICS

THE DOUGLAS CROSS, OTTERBURN

where Douglas fell, and still bears his name; and, as tradition dies a hard death in this remote Northumbrian fell-country, there appears no reason why the Douglas Cross should not be regarded as an historical monument.

Every acre of the surrounding country is linked with some historical, traditional, or romantic incident. Close by is Troughend Hall, on the site of the ancient seat of the Reeds, one member of which family is immortalised in the fine pathetic old ballad known as "The Death of Percy Reed." In front of it runs old Watling Street, coming straight as an arrow-flight from the station of Habitancum at Woodburn, where the explorer may still see the mangled effigy of poor Robin of Risingham; and, proceeding to the lone hill fortress of Bremenium, now High Rochester, on its course into Scotland. Elsdon, the centre of old Northumbrian fairyland, is not far distant. Elishaw, where Lord Cranston kept open house and held high revel in the palmy days of the Redesdale Hunt, lies within a mile. The now almost deserted high-road which runs under Otterburn Ridge was once one of the busiest thoroughfares in the North, and at the Carter Bar, on the frontier line, are still the ruins of an excise post, around which probably more heads have been broken than at any other turnpike in Britain; and the Temperance Inn below, on the English side, at Whiteless, was a noted rendezvous of cattle-men from Liddesdale, smugglers from Jedburgh, Hawick, and Kelso, and gipsies from Kirk Yetholm. Where the Carter Road now crosses the ridge of dark hills, was formerly known as the Reidswyre, whereat took place, in 1575, a very tough scrimmage between the respective followers of the English and Scottish March-Wardens, which ended disastrously for the former, and which has been celebrated in the ballad of "The Raid of the Reidswyre."

Over the heather-bound range of fells which divides Redesdale from Tynedale lies Bellingham, an ancient Charlton stronghold, beautifully situated on the wild North Tyne. The Charltons still live at Hesleyside, hard by, and very proud is the present "Hedeman of the Graine Charlton" of his family relics—the Buccleugh claymore, a true Andrea Ferrara, taken by a Charlton in some hard fight of by-gone days, the "Standard of Hesleyside"—a flagon of Venetian glass, holding a quart of liquor, an ancient chalice, a veritable priest's hiding-hole above the chief bedroom, and last, but not least, the famous Charlton Spur, which was served up on a dish when the larder was empty, as a hint to the family that further supplies of food must be "ridden for."

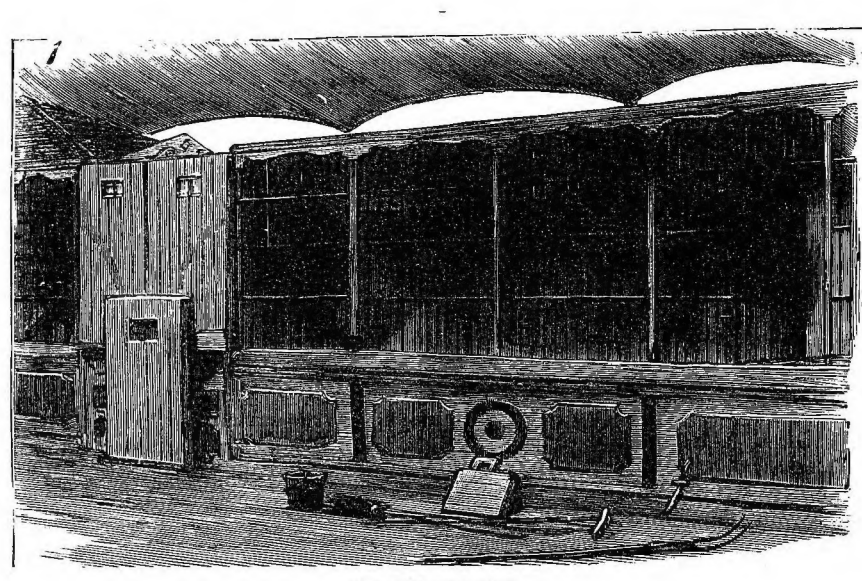
Not the least charm of the district lies in the fact that it is away from tourist-beaten tracks. Anglers know it well, but, like wild men, they say little about it; and sportsmen know its grand, weird, inspiring moors as a happy hunting ground; but the explorer may wander amongst the hills and dales, or follow the courses of the romantic burns, or seek out the history of the silent ruins, the pele-towers, the earthworks, and the hut-circles for a week without fear of interruption from a loud-voiced "tripper" or scampering tourist.

H. F. A.

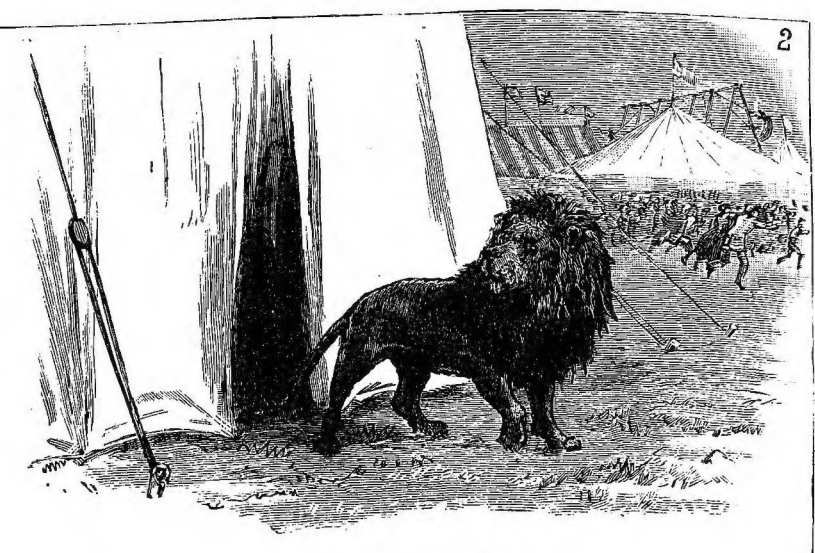


THE CHURCH CONGRESS.—The Eighteenth Annual Meeting of this body, presided over by the Bishop of Llandaff, was opened at Cardiff on Tuesday. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached at St. John's, his discourse containing an elaborate retrospect of the history of Christianity in Wales, one of the objects of it being to prove that the Church in Wales was anything but an alien institution. Towards the close of the sermon, the Primate deprecated a "perpetual fingering" of the Church's "implements," and spoke of its having been weakened by the partitioning and pulverising of "our grand parishes." The Archbishop greatly preferred to such re-organisation schemes for "expanding poor men's ideas and tastes, aspirations and habits," for better equipping for their work those of the clergy who have to be drawn from less educated ranks, and for providing yet other orders of Christian labourers and teachers among the masses.—At the First General Meeting the Bishop of Llandaff delivered his inaugural address, in which he combated the statements of Liberationists, respecting the alleged numerical and other weaknesses of the Church in Wales. After this, the Church's mode of dealing with rapidly-growing populations was discussed, Canon Medd advocating a community life for clergy-discussed, men to be engaged in evangelising the masses, volunteering for quinquennial periods, at the expiry of each of which they should consider whether it was right for them to go on with the work.—In the evening, the relations between Church and State were discussed, the first of the papers read on the subject being by Dean of Manchester, in which he declared that the direct administration of the Church's affairs by chance majorities of the House of Commons, no longer even professedly Christian, was a total impossibility. He did not ask, however, for disestablishment, but for

ECONOMY IN COAL.—In 1306, when the population did not exceed 50,000, the citizens of London petitioned Edward I. to prohibit the use of sea-coal, and he passed a law making the burning of it a capital offence. Since those despotie days the smoke-producing area has increased from about three square miles to over one hundred square miles, and the average daily consumption of coals in domestic fire-places alone has mounted to about 27,000 tons, or in winter to probably about 40,000 tons, which in certain states of the atmosphere produces a cloud of smoke resting for days over the central districts of the town and shutting out the sun, even when it does not descend in foggy weather as a thick, impenetrable, and partly poisonous mass of darkness. To abate this nuisance—which raised the eloquence of learned John Evelyn as early as the year 1661 in his quaint work, "Fumifugium," wherein he anathematizes the sooty exhalations from the chimneys of King Charles's subjects as "that pernicious smoke which sullies all our glory with those piercing and acrimonious spirits which accompany its sulphure"—several smoke-abatement Acts of Parliament have been passed, and inventions and contrivances beyond count have been more or less successfully exploited. And still the Smoke Demon refuses to be exorcised. Any device that will successfully lay him should be hailed with effusion by this long-suffering British public. On Monday and Tuesday of this week a public illustration was given at Willis's Rooms of a new means of destroying the noxious fumes evolved from coal in combustion. The experiments, which were conducted before a large body of scientists and experts interested in hygiene and sanitation, were perfectly satisfactory, and something like a cheap and efficacious system of smoke abatement may now be looked for. One great advantage of the plan exhibited was the ease with which it may be tested, for it depends neither upon new grates nor novel draughts or flues for its success. It is the coal itself that is treated, and not the receptacle in which it is burnt. The process is simplicity itself. Any given quantity of "black diamonds," from a truck-load to a scuttleful, is first saturated by a hose or watering-pot with a solution made from a certain harmless and inexpensive compound. After the coal has stood for a couple of days it is ready for use, and it will hold good for a year. The fires produced by this chemically-treated coal are radiantly clear and perfectly smokeless. The inventor claims that increased caloric is evolved, that an average saving of twenty per cent., or two shillings in the ton, is effected, that it lessens ash, and adds to its steam-raising power.



THE EMPTY CAGE



CLEARING THE FAIR



ASTON BROOK—SHOWING THE ENTRANCE TO THE SEWER WHERE THE LION TOOK REFUGE



MARCUS ORENZO IN THE SEWER

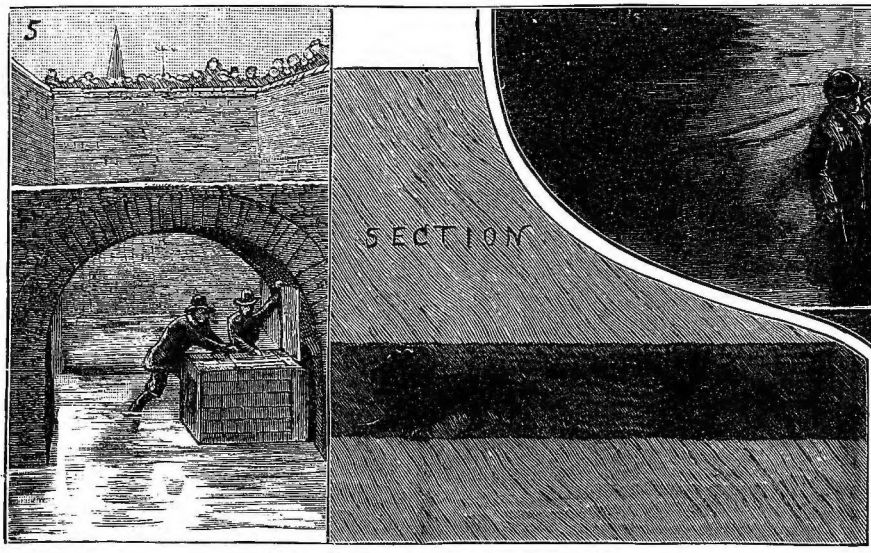
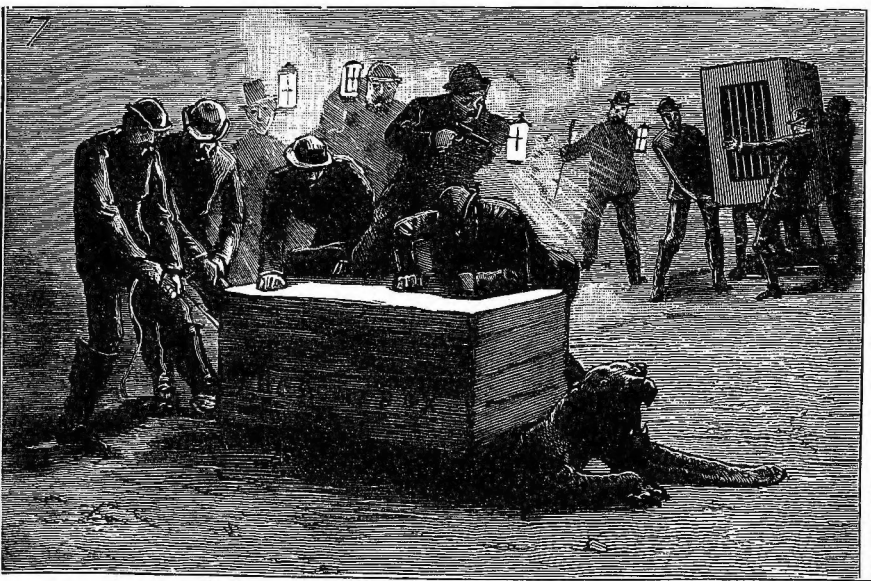


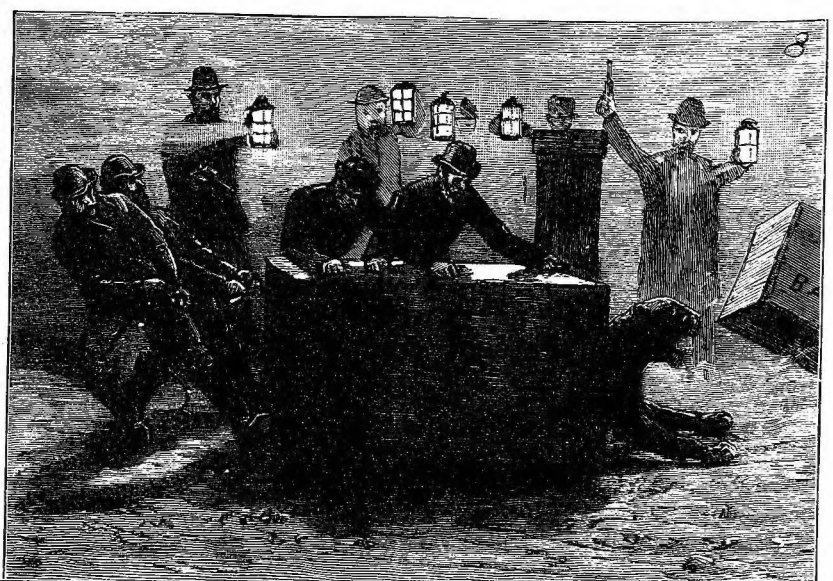
DIAGRAM OF CAPTURE OF THE LION



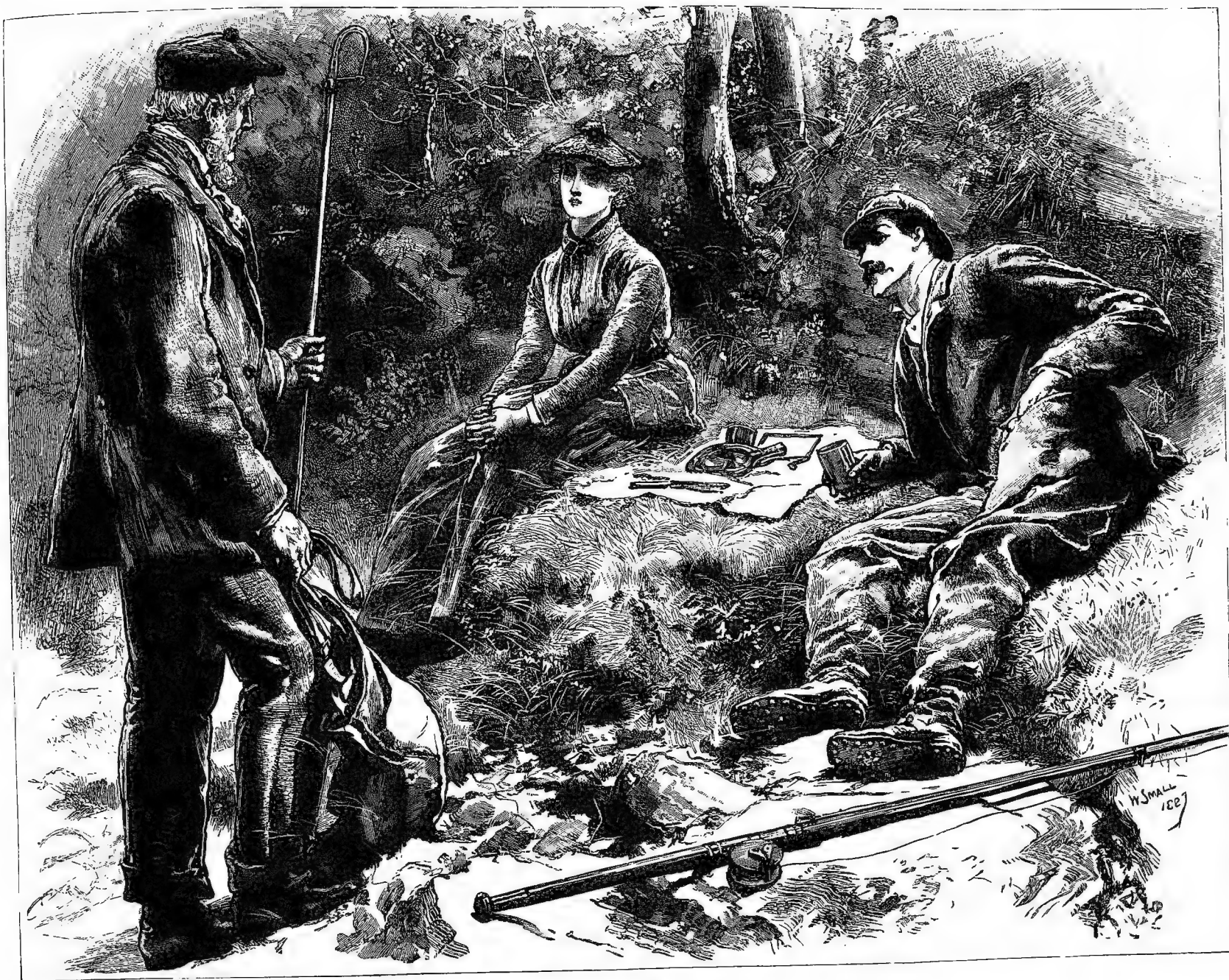
CATCHING THE LIONESS WITH NOOSES



UNDER THE BACON BOX



INTO THE CAGE



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

"This is ferry strange, Miss Honnor," said he, "that the fly-book is not in the bag."

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &C.

CHAPTER XII.

A GLOBE OF GOLD-FISH

WHAT, then, was the secret charm and fascination exercised over him by this extremely independent, not to say unapproachable, huntress-maiden; why should he be so anxious to win her approval; why should he desire to be continually with her—even when all her attention was given to her salmon-line, and she apparently taking no notice of him whatever? She was handsome, no doubt, and fine-featured, and pleasant to look upon; she was good-humoured, and friendly in her own way; and she had the education, and manners, and tact, and gentleness of one of her birth and breeding; but there were lots of other women similarly graced and gifted who were only too eager to welcome him and pet him and make much of him, and towards whom he found himself absolutely indifferent. Was he falling in love? Had he been asked the question, he would honestly have answered that he was about the last person in the world to form a romantic attachment. There was no kind of sentimental wistfulness in his nature; his imagination had no poetical trick of investing the face and form of any passably good-looking girl with a halo of rainbow-hues; even as a lad his dreams had concerned themselves more with the possibility of his becoming a great musician than with his sharing his fame and glory with a radiant bride. But, above all, the rhodomontade of simulated passion that he heard in the theatre, and the extravagance of action necessary for stage-effect, would of themselves have tended to render him sceptical and callous. He saw too much of how it was done. Did ever any man in his senses swear by the eternal stars in talking to a woman; and did ever any man in his senses kneel at a woman's feet? In former times they may have done so, when fustian and attitudinising were not fustian and attitudinising but common habit and practice; but in our own day did the love-making of the stage, with all its frantic gestures and wild appeals, represent anything belonging to actual life? Of course, if the question had been pushed home, he would have had to admit that love as a violent passion does veritably exist, or otherwise there would not be so many young men blowing out their brains, and young women drowning themselves, out of disappointment; but probably he would have pointed out that in these cases the coroner's jury invariably and charitably certify that the victim is insane.

No; romance had never been much in his way, except the sham romance which he had assumed along with a painted face and a stage costume, and of which he knew the just and accurate value. He had never had time to fall seriously in love, he used to say to

Maurice Mangan. And now, in this long spell of idleness in the north, amid these gracious surroundings, if he had had to confess that he found a singular fascination in the society of Honnor and Cunyngham, why, he would have discovered a dozen reasons and excuses rather than admit that poetical sentiment had anything to do with it. For one thing, she was different from any woman he had ever met before; and that of itself piqued his curiosity. You had to speak the downright truth to her—when she looked at you with those clear hazel eyes: little make-believes of flattery were of no use at all. Her very tranquillity and isolation were a sort of challenge; her almost masculine independence was like to drive a man to say 'I am as peremptory as she proud-minded.' Nevertheless, she was no curst Katherine; her temper was of the serene; less, she was almost too bland and placid, Lionel thought—it showed she cared too little about you to be either exacting and petulant, or, on the other hand, solicitous to please.

There came into these silent and reverie-haunted solitudes a letter from the distant and turbulent world without; and of a sudden Lionel felt himself transported back into the theatre again, in the midst of all its struggles and hopes and anxieties, its jealousies and triumphs, its ceaseless clamour and unrest. The letter was from Nina.

"My dear friend Leo, I have waited now some time that I send you the critiques of my new part, but the great morning newspapers have taken no notice of poor Nina, it is only some of the weekly papers that have observed the change in the part, and you will see that they are very kind to me. Ah, but one—I do not send it—I could not send it to you, Leo—it has made me cry much and much that any one should have such malignity, such meanness, such lying. I forget all the other ones; that one stabs my heart; but Mr. Carey he laughs and says to me 'You are foolish; you do not know why that is said of you?' He is a great ally of Miss Burgoyne, he does not like to see you take her place, and be well received by the public. Perhaps it is true; but, Leo, you do not like to be told that you make the part stupid, that there is no life in it, that you are a machine, that you sing out of tune. I have asked Mr. Lehmann, I have asked Mr. Carey, and said to them 'If it is true, let me go; will not make ridicule of your theatre. But they are so kind to me; and Mrs. Grey also; she says that I have not as much *cheek* as Miss Burgoyne, but that *Grace Mainwaring* should remember that she is a gentlewoman, and it is not necessary to make her a laughing waitress, although she is in comedy-opera. I cannot please every one, Leo; but if you were here I should not care so much for the *briccone*, who *lies*, who *lies*, who hides in the dark, like a thief. You

know whether I sing out of tune, Leo. You know whether I am so stupid, so very stupid. Yes, I may not have *cheek*; I wish not to have *cheek*; even to commend myself to a critic. Ah, well, it is no use to be angry; every night I have a reception that you would like to hear, Leo, for *you* have no jealousy; and my heart says *those* people are not under bad influence; they are honest in saying they are pleased; to *them* I sing not out of tune, and am not so very stupid. If I lie awake at night, and cry much, it is then I say to myself that I am stupid; and the next morning I laugh, when Mrs. Grey says some kind thing to me.

"Will you be surprised, most excellent Signor, if you have a visit from Miss Burgoyne? Yes, it is possible. The doctor says she has strained her voice by too long work—but it was a little *reedy* of its own nature, do you not think, Leo?—and says she must have entire rest, and that she must go to the Isle of White; but she said everyone was going to Scotland, and why not she, and her two friends, her travelling companions. Then she comes to me and ask your address. I answer—Why to me? There is Mr. Lehmann; and at the stage-door they will know his address, for letters to go. So, you see, you will not be alone in the high-lands, when you have such a *charming visitor* with you, and she will talk to you, not from behind a fan, as on the stage, but all the day, and you will have great comfort and satisfaction. Yes, I see her arrive at the castle. She rings at the gate; your noble friends come out, and ask who she is; they discover, and drive away such a person as a poor cantatrice. But you hear, you come flying out, you rescue her from scorn—ah, it is pitiable, they all weep, they say to you that you are honourable and just, that they did wrong to despise your charming friend! Perhaps they ask her to dine; and she sings to them after; and Leo says to himself, Poor thing; no; her voice is not so reedy. The *dénouement*?—but I am not come to it yet; I have not arranged what will arrive then.

"What is the time of your return, Leo? And you know what will be then? You will find on the stage another *Grace Mainwaring*, who will sing always out of tune, and be so stupid that you will have fury and will complain to the Manager. Ah, there is now no one to speak with you from behind a fan—only a dull heavy stupid. Misera me! What shall I do? All the poetry departed from *Harry Thornhill's* singing—there is no more fascination for him—he looks up to the window—he sings 'The starry night brings me no rest'—and he says 'Bother to that stupid Italian girl!'—why am I to sing to her? Poor Leo, he will be disconsolate; but not for long. No; Miss Burgoyne will be coming back; and then he will have some one for to talk with from behind the fan.

"Now, Leo, if you can read any more, I must attend to what you call *beesness*. When Miss Burgoyne returns, I do not go back to be under-study to Miss Girond—no—Mr. Lehmann has said he is pleased with me, and I am to take the part of Miss Considine, who goes into the provincial company. You know it is almost the same consequence as *Grace Mainwaring* towards the public, and I am, oh, very proud of such an advancement; and I have written to Pandiani, and to Carmela and Andrea, and Mrs. Grey is kinder than ever, and I take lessons always, and always when she has a half-hour from the house-governing. I am *letter perfect*—is it what they say?—in this part as in the other; my bad English does not appear on the stage; I practise and practise always. I am to share in Miss Girond's room, and that will be good, for she is friendly to me, though sometimes a little saucy in her amusement. Already I hear that the theatre-attendant people are coming back—and you?—when is your return? You had benevolence to the poor chorus-singer, Signor Leo; and now she is prima donna do you think she will forget you? No, no! To-day I was going up Regent Street, and in a window behold! a portrait of Mr. Lionel Moore and a portrait of Miss Antonia Ross side by side! I laughed—I said, Leo did not look to this a short time ago. It is the same photographer; I have had several requests; but only to that one I went, for it is the best one of you he has taken that is seen anywhere. Of course I have to dress as like Miss Burgoyne as possible, which is a pity to me, for it is not too graceful, as I think I could do; but I complain nothing, since Mr. Lehmann gave me the great advancement; and if you will look at the critiques you will see they say I have not a bad appearance in the part. As for the *briccone*—pah!—when I talk like this to you, Leo, I despise him—he is nothing to me—I would not pay two pence that he should praise me.

"Will you write to me, Leo, and say when you return? Have you so much *beesness* that you have only sent me one letter? Adieu! Your true friend, NINA."

Well, this prattling letter from Nina caused him some reflection, and some uneasy qualms. He did not so much mind the prospect of having, on his return, to transform his old friend and comrade into his stage-sweetheart, and to make passionate love to her every evening, before an audience. That might be a little embarrassing at first; but the feeling would soon wear off; such circumstances were common and well-understood in the theatre, where stage-lovers cease their cooling the moment they withdraw into the wings. But this other possibility of finding Miss Burgoyne and her friends in the immediate neighbourhood of Strathairon Lodge? Of course there was no reason why she shouldn't travel through Ross-shire just as well as any one else. She knew his address. If she came anywhere round this way—say to Kilmearn—he must needs go to call on her. Then both Lady Adela Cunyngham and Lord Rockminster had been introduced to Miss Burgoyne in the New Theatre: if he told them, as he ought, on whom he was going to call, might they not want to accompany him, and renew the acquaintance? Lady Adela and her sisters considered themselves the naturally appointed patrons of all professional folk whose names figured in the papers; was it not highly probable that Miss Burgoyne and her friends, whosever these might be, would receive an invitation to Strathairon Lodge? And then?—why, then might there not be rather too close a resemblance to a band of poor players being entertained by the great people at what Nina imagined to be a castle? A solitary guest was all very well: had Miss Burgoyne preceded or succeeded him, he could not have objected: but a group of strolling players, as it were?—might it not look as if they had been summoned to amuse the noble company? And fancy Miss Burgoyne coming in as a spy upon his mute, and at present quite indefinite, relations with Miss Honnor Cunyngham!—Miss Burgoyne, who was a remarkably sharp-eyed young woman, and had a clever and merry tongue withal, when she was disposed to be humorous.

Then he bethought him of what Honnor Cunyngham, with her firm independence of character, her proud self-reliance, would have said to all these timorous fancies. He knew perfectly well what she would say. She would say: "Well, but even if Miss Burgoyne were to appear at Strathairon Lodge, how could that affect you? You are yourself; you are apart from her; her visit will be Lady Adela's doing, not yours. And if people choose to regard you as one of a band of strolling players, how can that harm you? Why should you care? The opinion that is of value to you is your own opinion: be right with yourself; and leave others to think what they please. Whoever could so entirely misjudge your position must be a fool: why should you pause for a moment to consider the opinion of a fool or any number of fools? 'To thine own self be true'; and let that suffice."

For he had come to know pretty accurately, during these frequent if intermittent talks and chats along the Aivron banks, how Miss Honnor would regard most things. The wild weather had been succeeded by a period of calm; the river had dwindled and dwindled, until it seemed merely to creep along its channel; where a rushing brown current had come down there now appeared long banks of stones, lilac and silver-grey and purple, basking in the sun; while half way across the stream in many places the yellow sand and shingle shone through the lazily-rippling shallows. Consequently there was little fishing to be done. Honnor Cunyngham went out all the same, for she loved the river-side in all weathers; and as often as he discreetly might, Lionel accompanied her; but as they had frequently to wait for half-hours together until a cloud should come over, he had ample opportunity of learning her views and opinions on a great variety of subjects. For she spoke freely, and frankly, and simply, in this enforced idleness; and from just a little touch here and there, Lionel began to think that she must have a good deal more of womanly tenderness and sympathy than he had given her credit for. Certainly she was always most considerate towards himself; she seemed to understand that he was a little sensitive on the score of his out-of-door performances; and while she made light of his occasional blunders, she would quietly hint to him that he in turn ought to exercise a generous judgment when those people at the Lodge ventured to enter a province in which he was a past master.

"We are all amateurs in something or another, Mr. Moore," she would say. "And the professionals should not treat us with scorn."

"I wonder in what you show yourself an amateur," said he, bethinking himself how she seemed to keep aloof from the music, art, and literature of her accomplished sisters-in-law. "Everything you do you do thoroughly well."

She laughed.

"You have never seen me try to do anything but cast a line," said she, "and if I can manage that, the credit rests with old Robert."

But the consideration that she invariably extended to her brother's guest was about to show itself in a very marked manner; and the incident arose in this wise. One morning, the weather being much too bright and clear for the shallower pools of the Aivron, they thought they would take luncheon with them, and stroll up to the Geinig, where, in the afternoon, the deeper pools might give them a chance, especially if a few clouds were to come over. Accordingly the three of them went away along the valley, passed over the Bad Step, meandered through the long birch wood, and finally arrived at the little dell above the Geinig Pool, which was Miss Honnor's favourite retreat. They had left somewhat late; the sun was shining from a cloudless sky; luncheon would pass the useless time; so Robert got the small parcels and the drinking cups

out of the bag, and arranged them on the warm turf. It was a modest little banquet, but in the happiest circumstances; for the birch branches above them afforded them a picturesque shelter; and the burn at their feet, attenuated as it was, and merely threading its way down through the stones, flashed diamonds here and there in the light. And then she was so kind as to thank him again for singing 'The Bonnie Earl o' Moray'—which had considerably astounded the people assembled at the opening of the Kilmearn Public Hall, or, at least, such of them as did not know that a great singer was among the guests at Strathairon Lodge.

"I was rather sorry for them who had to follow you," she said: "they must have felt it was hardly fair. It was like Donald Dinnie at the Highland Games: when he has thrown the hammer, or tossed the caber, the spectator hardly takes notice of the next competitor. By the way, I suppose you will be going to the Northern meeting at the end of this month?"

"I am sorry I cannot stay so long, though Lady Adela was good enough to ask me," he made answer. "I must go south very soon now."

"Oh, indeed?" she said. "That is a pity. It is worth while being in Inverness then: you see all the different families and their guests; and the balls are picturesque—with the kilt and tartan. It is really the wind-up of the season; the parties break up after that. We come back here and remain until about the middle of October; then we go on to the Braes—worse luck for me. I like the rough-and-tumble of this place; the absence of ceremony; and the freedom and the solitude. It will be very different at the Braes."

"Why shouldn't you stop on here, then?" he naturally asked. "All by myself?" she said. "Well, I shouldn't mind the loneliness—you see, old Robert is left here, and Roderick, too, and one or two of the girls to keep fires on; but I should have nothing to do or to read; the fishing is useless long before that time. And so you are going away quite soon?"

"Yes," said he, and he paused for a second—for there was some wild wish in his heart that she would have just one word of regret. "I must go," he continued, seeing that she did not speak. "I am wanted. And I have had a long holiday—a long and delightful holiday; and I'm sure when I look back over it, I can't thank you sufficiently for all your kindness to me."

"Thank me, Mr. Moore?" she said, with obvious surprise.

"Oh, yes, indeed," he said, warmly. "If it was only a word now and again, it was always encouragement. I should never have ventured out after the deer if it had not been for you: probably I should never have taken up a gun at all. Then all those delightful days by the river: haven't I to thank you for them? It seems rather hard that I should be so much indebted to you—"

"I am sure you are not at all," she said.

"Without a chance of ever being able to show my gratitude: repayment, of course, is out of the question, for we could never meet again in similar circumstances—in reversed circumstances, rather—I mean, you have had it all your own way in your—your toleration, shall I say?—or your commiseration, of a hopeless duffer. Oh, I know what I'm talking about. Most people in your position would have said, 'Well, let him go and make a fool of himself!' and most people in my position would have said, 'No, I'm not going to make a fool of myself.'"

"I don't quite understand," she said, simply, "why you should care so much for the opinion of other people."

"I suppose there is no chance of my ever seeing you in London, Miss Honnor," he continued, rather breathlessly. "If—if I might presume on the acquaintanceship formed up here, I should like—well, I should like to show you I had not forgotten your kindness. Do you ever come to London?—I think Miss Lestrangle said you sometimes did."

"Why, I am in London a great part of every year!" she said. "And this winter I shall be next door to it; for my mother goes to Brighton in November; and she will want me to be with her."

"To Brighton!" he said quickly and eagerly. "Then of course you would be in London sometimes. Would you—would you care to come behind the scenes of a theatre?—or be present at a dress rehearsal, or something of that kind? No, I'm afraid not—I'm afraid that wouldn't interest you—"

"Oh, but it would," she said, pleasantly enough. "It would interest me very much."

And perhaps he would have gone on to assure her how delighted he would be to have the opportunity of showing her, in the great capital, that he had not forgotten her kindness and help in these northern wilds but that Miss Honnor, seeing that their frugal meal was over, called for Robert. The handsome old fisherman appeared at once; but she instantly perceived by his face that something was wrong.

"This is very strange, Miss Honnor," said he, "that the fly-book is not in the bag. And I could not have dropped it out. I was not thinking of looking for it when we started, for I knew I had put it there—"

"Oh, I know, Robert," she said at once. "Mr. Lestrangle asked me this morning for some small Durham Rangers; and I told him to go and take them out of the book. So he has taken the book out of the bag, and stupidly forgot to put it back."

"Then I will go awesh down to the Lodge and get it," Robert suggested.

"Is it worth while?" she said. "There is a fly on the casting-line; and there won't be much fishing this afternoon?"

"I am not so sure," old Robert made answer. "There might be some clouds; and it is safer to hef the book whatever."

"Very well," said she. "And in that case I will take Mr. Moore over to the other side of the Geinig Pool, and ask him to creep out on the middle rock; and perhaps he will see something. Will there be any gold-fish in the globe, Robert?"

Old Robert grinned.

"Oh, yes, Miss Honnor, the fish will be there; but there is little chance of your getting one out."

"At any rate, Mr. Moore will be pleased to see a globe of gold-fish in the middle of a Highland moor," she said; and when Robert had packed up the luncheon things, they all set off down the Geinig valley together.

But when they reached a certain wooden foot-bridge across the stream, Robert held on his way, making for the Lodge, while Lionel, well content, and asking no questions, followed the young lady. She led the way across the bridge, and along the opposite bank, until they reached the Geinig Pool, where they scrambled down to the side of the river, just above the falls. Here she showed him how to step from one boulder to another until he found himself on a huge grey rock right in the middle; and forthwith she directed him to crawl out to the edge of the rock, and just put his head over, and see what he could see. As for crawling, he considered himself quite an adept at that now; in an instant he was down on hands and knees, making his way out to the end of the rock. And certainly what he beheld when he cautiously peered over the edge was worth all the trouble. Here, in an almost circular pool, apparently of great depth, the surface of the water was as smooth as glass; for the bulk of the stream tumbled in and tumbled out again along the southern side, leaving this dark hole in an eddy; and the sunlight, striking down into the translucent depths, revealed to him certain slowly moving forms which he recognised at once as salmon. They were not like salmon in colour, to be sure; through the dun water their purplish-blue backs showed a dull olive-green; but salmon they undoubtedly were, and of a good size too. Of course he was immensely excited by such a novel sight. With intensest curiosity

he watched them making their slow circles of the pool, exactly like gold-fish in a globe. They seemed to be about four or five feet under the surface. Was it not possible to snatch at one of them with a long gaff? Or was it not possible, on the other hand, to tempt one of them with a fly?

He slowly withdrew his head.

"That is most extraordinary," he called to his companion, who was standing a few yards further back. "Miss Honnor, won't you put a fly over them?"

"What is the use?" said she. "They will look at it; but they won't take it; and I don't think it is well they should know too much about the patterns that Mr. Watson dresses. They know quite enough already. Some of the old hands, I do believe, are familiar with every fly made in Inverness."

"Won't you try?" he pleaded.

"Well, if you would like to see them look at the fly, I'll put it over them," she said, goodnaturedly, "but, you know, it is most demoralising."

So she, also, had to creep out to the edge of the rock; and then she cautiously put out the rod, and the short line she had previously prepared. She threw the fly to the opposite side of the pool; let it sink an inch or two; and then quietly jerked it across, until it came in the way of the slow-circling salmon. To her it was merely an amusement, but to Lionel it was a breathless excitement, to watch one after another of those big fish, in passing, come up to look at this beautiful, gleaming, shrimp-like object, and then sink down again and go on its round. They would not come within two feet of this tempting lure. She tried them in all parts of the pool, sinking the fly well into the plunging fall, and letting it be carried right to the other side before she dragged it across the clear open.

"Won't one of you take it?" she said. "It's as pretty a fly as ever was dressed, though they do call it the Dirty Yellow."

But all of a sudden the circumstances were changed in a most startling manner. A swift, half-seen creature came dashing up from out of the plunging torrent, shot into the clear water, snatched at the small object that was floating there, and down went fly and rod until the top was almost touching the surface. The reel had caught in her dress somehow. But in another second all that was altered—she had got the reel free—she was up on her feet—the line was singing out—the rod raised, with the pliant top yielding to every movement of the fish—and Lionel, quite bewildered by the rapidity of the whole occurrence, wondering what he could do to assist her. Miss Honnor, however, was quite competent to look after herself.

"Who could have expected that!" she said, as the salmon went away down into the deep pool, and deliberately sulked there. "I wasn't fishing, I was only playing; and he very nearly broke me, at the first plunge. Really it all happened so quickly that I could not see what size he was: could you, Mr. Moore?"

"Not I!" he answered. "The creature came out of the rough water like a flash of lightning—I only saw the splash his tail made as he went down again. But what are you going to do, Miss Honnor? Shall I run down the strath, and tell old Robert to hurry back?"

"Not at all!—we'll manage him by ourselves," she replied, confidently. "Here, you take him; and I'll gaff him for you."

"I will do nothing of the kind," said he, distinctly. "You have given me too many of your fish. You have been far too generous all the way through. No; I will gaff him for you—but you must tell me how—for I never tried before."

"Oh, it is simple enough," she said. "You've seen old Robert gaff plenty of fish. Only mind you don't strike across the casting-line. Get behind the casting-line—about half way down the fish—get well over him—and then a sharp, bold stroke will fetch him out."

Accordingly, armed with the gaff, Lionel made his way down to the lowest ridge of the rock, so that he found himself just over the black-brown pool. And indeed his services were called upon much sooner than he had expected; for the salmon, grown tired of sulking, now began to swim slowly round and round, sometimes coming up so that they could just catch a glimmer of him, and again disappearing. But the fortunate thing for them was that there were no shallows to frighten the fish; he knew nothing of his danger as he happened to come sailing round Lionel's way; and he was gradually coming nearer and nearer to the surface, until they could watch his every motion as he made his slow rounds. Once or twice Lionel tried to get the gaff over him, and had to withdraw it; but at last Miss Honnor called out—

"This next time, Mr. Moore, as he comes round to you, I will lift him a bit: be ready!"

But what was this amazing thing that happened all in one wild second? Lionel, struck at the fish, pinned him securely, dragged him out of the water, and then, to his horror, found that the unexpected weight of this fighting and struggling creature was proving too much for him—he was overbalanced—he could not recover himself—down they all went together, himself, the gaff, and the salmon, into the still, deep pool! As for him, that was nothing; he could swim a little; a few strokes took him to the other side, where he clambered on to the rocks; he managed to recover his cap; and then, with the deepest mortification in his soul, he made his way back to rejoin his companion. What apology could he offer for his unheard-of bungling and stupidity? Would she not look on him as an unendurable ass? Why had he chosen so insecure a foothold; and made such a furious plunge at the fish? Over-eagerness, no doubt—

And then the next moment he noticed that her rod was still curved!

"We'll get him yet, Mr. Moore!" she called to him, in the most good-humoured fashion. "Come out on to the rock, and you'll see the strangest-looking salmon you ever saw in your life."

And indeed that was an odd sight—the big fish slowly sailing round and round the pool, with the gaff still attached, and the handle floating parallel with its side.

"It will take some time, though," said she. "I think you'd better go away home and get dry clothes on. I'll manage him by myself."

"I dare say you would manage him better by yourself than with any help of mine," he said, in his bitter chagrin and self-contempt. "I made sure I had lost you the salmon."

"And what then?" she said, with some surprise. "I assure you it wasn't the salmon I was thinking of when I saw you in the water—but the moment you struck out I knew you were safe."

He did not speak any more; he was too humiliated and vexed. It is true that when at length the salmon, entirely dead beat, suffered himself to be led into the side of the rock, Lionel managed to seize the handle of the gaff, and this time, making sure of his foothold, got the fish on land; but this final success in no way atoned for his having so desperately made a fool of himself. In silence he affixed the bit of string she gave him to the head and tail of this very pretty twelve-pounder; and in silence he set out, he carrying the salmon, and she with the rod over her shoulder.

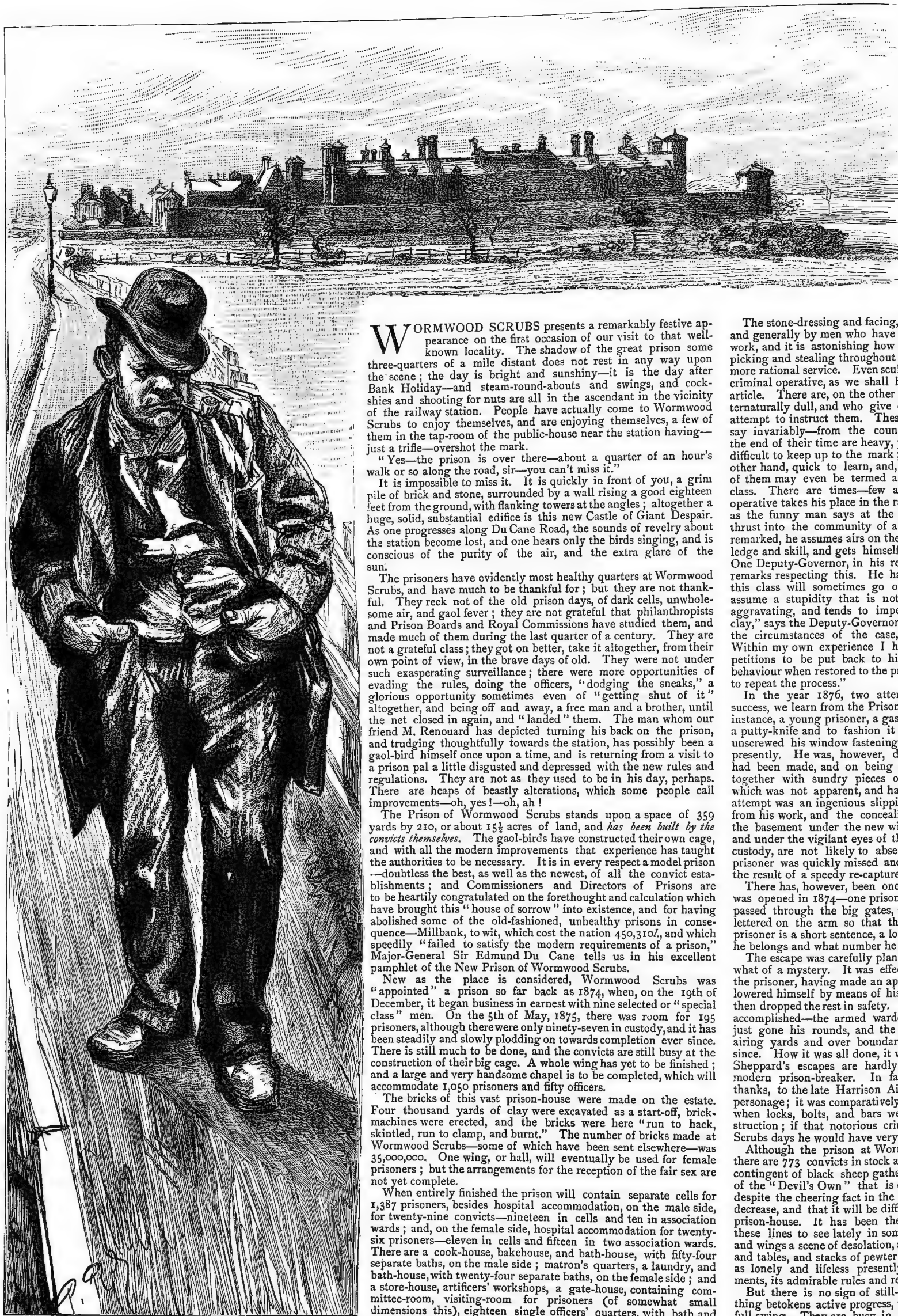
"It will be a surprise for old Robert when we meet him," she said, cheerfully. "But he will wonder how you came to be so drenched."

"Yes," said he, "it will be a pretty story of tomfoolery for them all to hear. I should like to make a comic drawing of it, if I could. It would have done capitally for John Leech, among the exploits of Mr. Briggs."

She glanced at him, curiously. She knew what he was thinking of—of the tale that would be told among the keepers and the gillies

CONVICT LIFE AT WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON—PART I.

DRAWN BY PAUL RENOARD. WRITTEN BY F. W. ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," &c.



WORMWOOD SCRUBS presents a remarkably festive appearance on the first occasion of our visit to that well-known locality. The shadow of the great prison some three-quarters of a mile distant does not rest in any way upon the scene; the day is bright and sunshiny—it is the day after Bank Holiday—and steam-roundabouts and swings, and cockshies and shooting for nuts are all in the ascendant in the vicinity of the railway station. People have actually come to Wormwood Scrubs to enjoy themselves, and are enjoying themselves, a few of them in the tap-room of the public-house near the station having—just a trifle—overshot the mark.

"Yes—the prison is over there—about a quarter of an hour's walk or so along the road, sir—you can't miss it."

It is impossible to miss it. It is quickly in front of you, a grim pile of brick and stone, surrounded by a wall rising a good eighteen feet from the ground, with flanking towers at the angles; altogether a huge, solid, substantial edifice is this new Castle of Giant Despair. As one progresses along Du Cane Road, the sounds of revelry about the station become lost, and one hears only the birds singing, and is conscious of the purity of the air, and the extra glare of the sun.

The prisoners have evidently most healthy quarters at Wormwood Scrubs, and have much to be thankful for; but they are not thankful. They reckon not of the old prison days, of dark cells, unwholesome air, and gaol fever; they are not grateful that philanthropists and Prison Boards and Royal Commissions have studied them, and made much of them during the last quarter of a century. They are not a grateful class; they got on better, take it altogether, from their own point of view, in the brave days of old. They were not under such exasperating surveillance; there were more opportunities of evading the rules, doing the officers, "dodging the sneaks," a glorious opportunity sometimes even of "getting shut of it" altogether, and being off and away, a free man and a brother, until the net closed in again, and "landed" them. The man whom our friend M. Renouard has depicted turning his back on the prison, and trudging thoughtfully towards the station, has possibly been a gaol-bird himself once upon a time, and is returning from a visit to a prison pal a little disgusted and depressed with the new rules and regulations. They are not as they used to be in his day, perhaps. There are heaps of beastly alterations, which some people call improvements—oh, yes!—oh, ah!

The Prison of Wormwood Scrubs stands upon a space of 359 yards by 210, or about 15½ acres of land, and has been built by the convicts themselves. The gaol-birds have constructed their own cage, and with all the modern improvements that experience has taught the authorities to be necessary. It is in every respect a model prison—doubtless the best, as well as the newest, of all the convict establishments; and Commissioners and Directors of Prisons are to be heartily congratulated on the forethought and calculation which have brought this "house of sorrow" into existence, and for having abolished some of the old-fashioned, unhealthy prisons in consequence—Millbank, to wit, which cost the nation 450,310*l.*, and which speedily "failed to satisfy the modern requirements of a prison," Major-General Sir Edmund Du Cane tells us in his excellent pamphlet of the New Prison of Wormwood Scrubs.

New as the place is considered, Wormwood Scrubs was "appointed" a prison so far back as 1874, when, on the 19th of December, it began business in earnest with nine selected or "special class" men. On the 5th of May, 1875, there was room for 195 prisoners, although there were only ninety-seven in custody, and it has been steadily and slowly plodding on towards completion ever since. There is still much to be done, and the convicts are still busy at the construction of their big cage. A whole wing has yet to be finished; and a large and very handsome chapel is to be completed, which will accommodate 1,050 prisoners and fifty officers.

The bricks of this vast prison-house were made on the estate. Four thousand yards of clay were excavated as a start-off, brick-machines were erected, and the bricks were here "run to hack, skintled, run to clamp, and burnt." The number of bricks made at Wormwood Scrubs—some of which have been sent elsewhere—was 35,000,000. One wing, or hall, will eventually be used for female prisoners; but the arrangements for the reception of the fair sex are not yet complete.

When entirely finished the prison will contain separate cells for 1,387 prisoners, besides hospital accommodation, on the male side, for twenty-nine convicts—nineteen in cells and ten in association wards; and, on the female side, hospital accommodation for twenty-six prisoners—eleven in cells and fifteen in two association wards. There are a cook-house, bakehouse, and bath-house, with fifty-four separate baths, on the male side; matron's quarters, a laundry, and bath-house, with twenty-four separate baths, on the female side; and a store-house, artificers' workshops, a gate-house, containing committee-room, visiting-room for prisoners (of somewhat small dimensions this), eighteen single officers' quarters, with bath and

lavatory, and all the other necessary adjuncts of a prison. Outside the walls are quarters for eight superior and forty-two subordinate officers; also a recreation-room, containing a billiard-table, chess, and draughts, and a small library for their use.

Convict labour has, we have already intimated, erected this great prison establishment—other convict prisons contributing in a certain degree to the work. For instance, the bricks, as we have already intimated, have been made upon the spot, and all carpenters' work fixed here; but the stone comes from the quarries of Portland and Dartmoor, the iron castings also from Portland; and carpenters', joiners', and blacksmiths' work has been supplied from the prisons of Millbank and Chatham.

The stone-dressing and facing, &c., have been carried out here also, and generally by men who have had no previous knowledge of the work, and it is astonishing how quickly the hands which have been picking and stealing throughout their owners' lives are trained into more rational service. Even sculpture is not beyond the reach of the criminal operative, as we shall have occasion to show in our next article. There are, on the other hand, certain convicts who are preternaturally dull, and who give considerable trouble to those who attempt to instruct them. These are generally—one might almost say invariably—from the country, and from the beginning to the end of their time are heavy, plodding, witless beings, whom it is difficult to keep up to the mark; the dwellers in cities are, on the other hand, quick to learn, and, as a rule, willing to learn. Some of them may even be termed after a while workmen of the first class. There are times—few and far between—when a skillful operative takes his place in the ranks, when a "bricklayer by birth," as the funny man says at the music halls, finds himself suddenly thrust into the community of amateur workmen. Very often, it is remarked, he assumes airs on the strength of his professional knowledge and skill, and gets himself disliked by his fellow prisoners. One Deputy-Governor, in his report for 1876, makes some shrewd remarks respecting this. He has observed also that a prisoner of this class will sometimes go on the other tack altogether, and assume a stupidity that is not in him, and that is particularly aggravating, and tends to impede the work. "Removal to the clay," says the Deputy-Governor, "for periods varying according to the circumstances of the case, is a treatment nearly infallible. Within my own experience I have found that the convict soon petitions to be put back to his old trade, and, by his subsequent behaviour when restored to the privilege, renders it quite unnecessary to repeat the process."

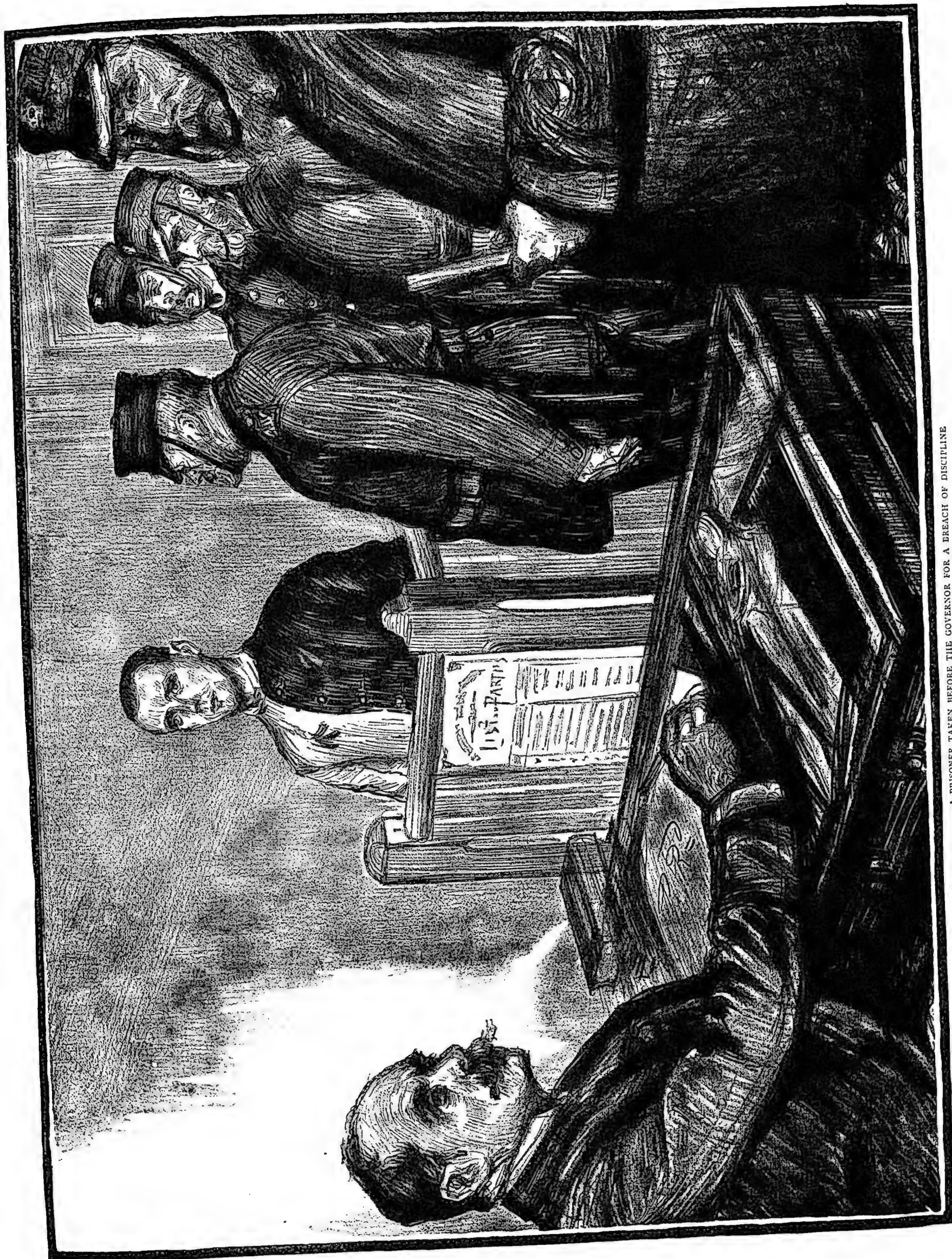
In the year 1876, two attempts to escape were made without success, we learn from the Prison Report of that year. In the first instance, a young prisoner, a gas-fitter by trade, contrived to secrete a putty-knife and to fashion it into a screw-driver, with which he unscrewed his window fastenings preparatory to further operations presently. He was, however, detected before any great progress had been made, and on being searched, the knife was discovered, together with sundry pieces of broken gas-pipe, the object for which was not apparent, and has not been explained. The second attempt was an ingenious slipping away of the prisoner altogether from his work, and the concealing of himself in a dark corner of the basement under the new wing. Convicts at work in the open, and under the vigilant eyes of the warders responsible for their safe custody, are not likely to absent themselves with impunity—the prisoner was quickly missed and a rigorous search instituted, with the result of a speedy re-capture.

There has, however, been one successful escape since this prison was opened in 1874—one prisoner, out of 7,030 convicts, who have passed through the big gates, and been ticketed and badged and lettered on the arm so that those who run may read whether the prisoner is a short sentence, a long, or a "lifer"—and to which ward he belongs and what number he bears.

The escape was carefully planned, and remains to this day somewhat of a mystery. It was effected from one of the upper cells; the prisoner, having made an aperture large enough to get through, lowered himself by means of his sheets a considerable distance and then dropped the rest in safety. It was a rough night when this was accomplished—the armed warder, without, was supposed to have just gone his rounds, and the prisoner got clear away, through airing yards and over boundary walls, and has not been heard of since. How it was all done, it would be interesting to know. Jack Sheppard's escapes are hardly "in it" with the exploit of this modern prison-breaker. In fact, Jack Sheppard—thanks, or no thanks, to the late Harrison Ainsworth—was a highly over-rated personage; it was comparatively easy to get away in the old times, when locks, bolts, and bars were of a primitive and clumsy construction; if that notorious criminal had lived in the Wormwood Scrubs days he would have very probably given up in despair.

Although the prison at Wormwood Scrubs is far from complete, there are 773 convicts in stock at the time of our first visit—a grim contingent of black sheep gathered into this one fold—a regiment of the "Devil's Own" that is depressing to be face to face with, despite the cheering fact in the foreground now that crime is on the decrease, and that it will be difficult some fine day to fill this vast prison-house. It has been the happy privilege of the writer of these lines to see lately in some of our older prisons whole blocks, and wings a scene of desolation, and the cells filled simply with stools, and tables, and stacks of pewter pints. May Wormwood Scrubs be as lonely and lifeless presently, despite all its modern improvements, its admirable rules and regulations.

But there is no sign of still-life hereabouts at present. Everything betokens active progress, the work and activity of a prison in full swing. They are busy in the stoneyard, busy in "the open,"



A PRISONER TAKEN BEFORE THE GOVERNOR FOR A BREACH OF DISCIPLINE
CONVICT LIFE AT WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON
DRAWN BY PAUL RENOUARD

YET ANOTHER OF J. F. MILLET'S WORKS will shortly be added to the Paris Louvre collection. Recently Madame Sanson-Davillier presented Millet's "Printemps" to the Louvre, and now she intends to give his "Meules;" so that, with the "Glaneuses," which we mentioned last week, the nation will possess three fine examples of the painter, besides his small sketch of the church at Gréville, previously bought by the State. The "Meules" is now in the Exhibition, and represents three large mills near Barbizon under a cold November sky, with a shepherd and his flock shivering in the bleak air, and clouds of larks flying round the mills.



THEATRES

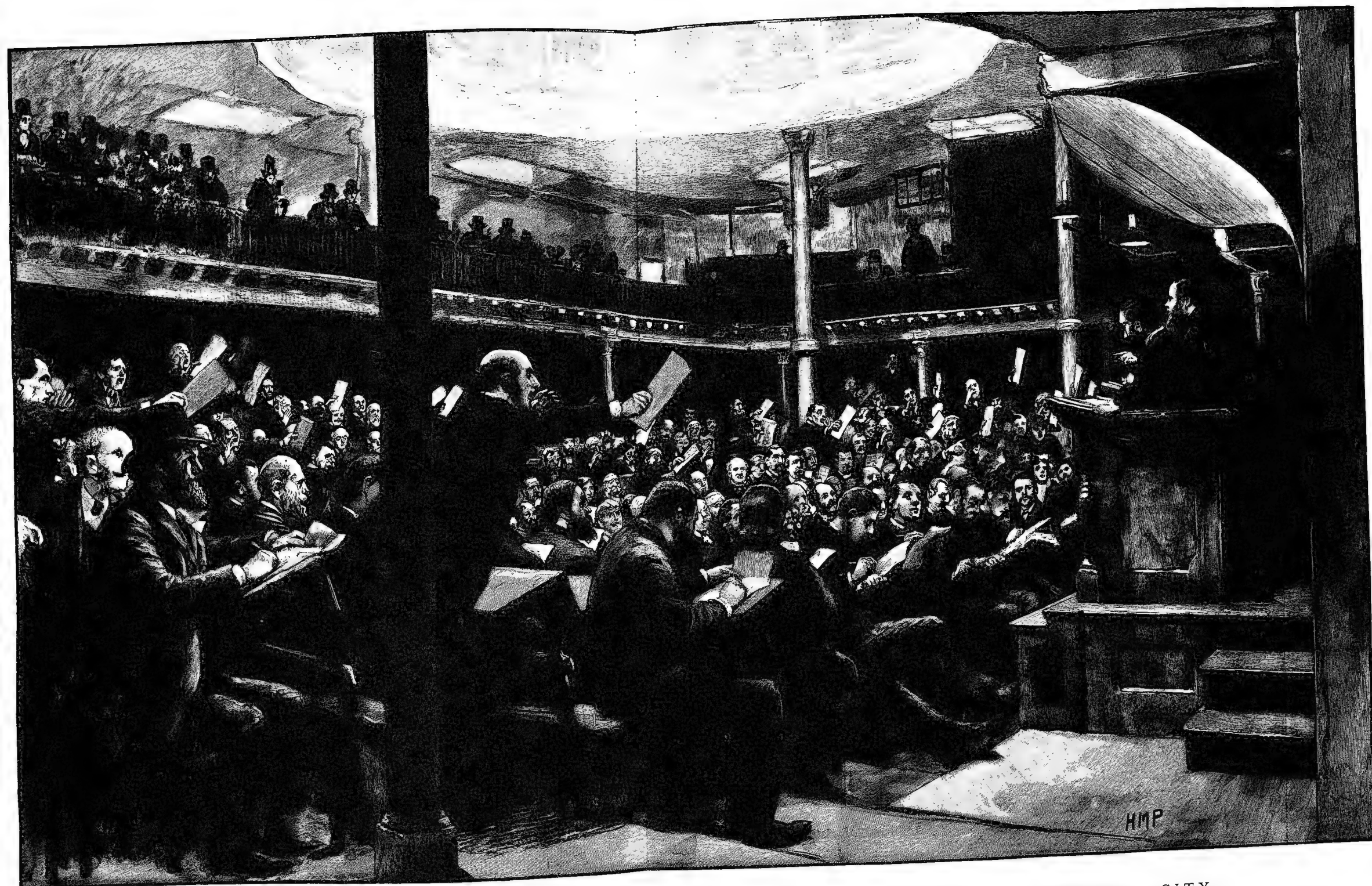
the Festival are said to be extremely good.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Little Otto Hegner was announced to give his first orchestral concert at St. James's Hall on Wednesday, too late for notice this week. His programme included Weber's *Concertstück*, performed by him for the first time in England.—The popular violinist Mdle. Teresina Tua is about to be married to Count Franchi Verney, musical critic of a Turin newspaper.—Sir Michael Maybrick will reappear in public after Christmas.—Sir John Stainer has arranged that Dr. Hubert Parry shall give a complete course of lectures on the "History of Music" at Oxford University.—Mr. Sims Reeves last Friday was to have commenced his farewell tour of the provinces at Bolton, but owing to a cold he was unable to appear.—Signor Tito Mattei's new opera, entitled *The Prima Donna*, will be produced at the Avenue on the 16th inst. When its run is concluded it will be followed by a new opera from the pens of Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. Jacobi.—The recent Gloucester Festival resulted in a deficit of 160*l.*, which was covered by a guinea whip from the Stewards.

The reproduction of *The Dead Heart* has revived the old question of the author's originality. Charles Dickens was certainly under the impression that Mr. Phillips was indebted for his *dénouement* to "A Tale of Two Cities," which appeared almost

The *GLOBE*, under the management of Miss Loie Fuller, will re-open during the second or third week in October, with the comedy-drama, *Caprice* (a popular piece in the United States), by Howard P. Taylor. *Caprice* will be preceded by *A Promise*, a one-act comedietta, by S. Boyle Lawrence.

A NEW ROCK HAS BEEN FOUND IN THE ATLANTIC, off the south coast of Newfoundland. Two years ago the Admiralty heard a rumour of its existence; but, though a vessel was sent in search, the rock could not be traced until this summer, when a fisherman from St. John's pointed out the exact spot. As the rock was much frequented by cod, he had kept his own counsel for some time past, and made a good profit out of his private fishing-ground. He has been rewarded, and the rock named after him—Lamb Rock; but, now that the secret is out, other fishing-boats share his harvest. Lamb Rock is on a fishing-bank twenty-two miles south of Cape St. Marzo, and lies right in the track of vessels passing to the St. Lawrence. Accordingly, although it is covered with thirty-three feet of water, a heavy sea might bring a ship to dire grief on such an unknown obstacle.



A SALE OF COLONIAL WOOL AT THE WOOL EXCHANGE, COLEMAN STREET, CITY

SKETCH BY THE LATE MR. WILKIE COLLINS

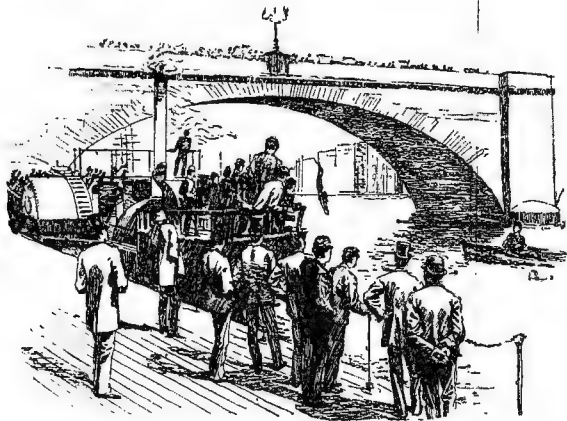
It is not unnatural that the late Wilkie Collins should have shown some predilection for Art in his young days, considering that his father was a popular artist and Royal Academician, and that his mother (Miss Geddes) was a sister of Mrs. Carpenter, the portrait painter. Accordingly, while he was engaged in the uncongenial occupation of tea-tasting in the City, and secretly penning his first novel, "Antonina, or the Fall of Rome," he exhibited two landscapes in the Royal Academy which showed considerable promise



For some time, indeed, he thought of combining Literature and Art, but he soon found the two pursuits incompatible, and relinquished the pencil for the pen. The sketch which we here reproduce was made rapidly, and while engaged in talking, at the house of Mrs. E. M. Ward, the widow of the Royal Academician, with whom for many years (until ill-health forced Mr. Ward to leave London) Wilkie Collins maintained a close intimacy. We may add that Mrs. Ward's address is 3, Chester Houses, Chester Square, S.W., where she has established a flourishing School of Art.

A LADY'S LEAP FROM LONDON BRIDGE

MISS FINNEY, sister of Professor Finney, the Champion Swimmer, following in the wake of Larry Donovan, dived from London Bridge during the afternoon of September 27th. Of course the act was an illegal one, and on that account the arrangements for the performance were kept secret. Beyond the customary gangs of loafers, no one was about at the time. It was decided that Miss Finney should leap from the first arch on the Middlesex side at 2.45; and punctually a small skiff, containing Dave Godwin, the oarsman, and Professor Finney pushed off. A number of steamboats and tugs were passing at the time, and it was not until three



o'clock that the signal was given to the fair diver. The course, so to speak, being clear, one male friend took her broad-brimmed hat, and another her long ulster, the lady immediately leaping on to the coping-stone. She was attired in a tight-fitting, dark blue navy jersey. After pausing for a few seconds to take her bearings, she dropped upon the projecting stone, a couple of feet below the parapet, and then dived down, striking the water beautifully. The whole business occupied only a few moments, and before the loafers could realise what had happened she was striking out for the boat. On reaching it she waved her hand to her friends, and was rowed to the shore none the worse for her immersion.

A LONDON WOOL SALE

A STRANGER passing through Coleman Street, E.C., would scarcely imagine, from the modest exterior of the Wool Exchange, that it is the centre of one of the most important industries of the world; for in the auction room at the end of the entrance passage the entire annual collections of wool raised in the British Colonies are sold at a series of five periodic sales, each lasting, on the average, about twenty-eight days. The mode of procedure is, that the whole of the wools intended for each day's sale are exposed for inspection and valuation at 6 A.M. at the various local wool warehouses, as, for example, those situated at the London Docks, Leman Street, Goodman's Yard, London Wall, &c. The sale commences at 4 P.M. sharp, and as it is not uncommon for the catalogue to contain 1,500 lots (of the average total value of a quarter of a million of money), the bidding proceeds with the greatest rapidity. The custom is, for each bid to be an advance of one farthing per pound weight until eight pence is reached, when the bid is increased to one half-penny. Now, as each lot consists of several bales, in most cases as many as twenty to thirty, and in some cases two hundred, and as we may take the average value of each bale to be 16*l*., it will be seen that the apparently insignificant advance of one farthing per pound may, on a

moderately-sized lot, actually mean an advance of from 10*l*. to 20*l*. per bid, and on large lots as much as 80*l*. To save the time of large buyers, all lots of less than three bales are first passed over, to be sold at the end of the sale. The buyers are mostly representatives of large manufacturing firms or woolstaplers, not only of this country, but the whole of Europe; each of whom occupies a recognised seat. The bidding of a stranger would not be taken unless operating through a buying broker. It has often been a mystery to outsiders how the auctioneers could

possibly identify who the highest bidder was, for, to the casual observer, it appears that a number of apparently insane, though highly respectable, gentlemen suddenly spring to their feet, and, in the wildest possible manner, shriek, yell, gesticulate, and point with extended hand or catalogue for a few moments—then as suddenly subside into their seats, whilst the auctioneer calmly states the name of the successful bidder and the amount reached, and almost in the same breath calls the next lot! The gentlemen in the rostrum at the time our artist made his sketch were Mr. Frederic Jacob, on his right Mr. Reginald Jacob, and on his left Mr. Arnold Jacob, all of the firm of Messrs. Jacob, Son, and Co., who, we understand, are the largest sellers of Sydney wools at the mart. We may state that the series of sales are carried on entirely by eleven firms of auctioneers. The character of the catalogue will be best understood from the facsimile of a page of one shown here, and as each exporter uses a

Goodman's Yard, Minorities.

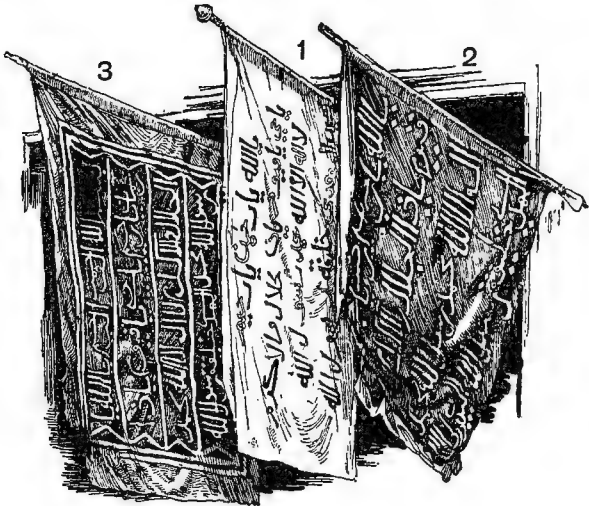
42			
Lot.	Tare, lbs.	Mark.	Bales.
Scoured 3rd combing H	607	Combing Park 5	
(Collingwood Scoured)			
" "	608		11
Ex Salazie @ Sydney.			
Scoured superfine clothing	611	TD B Collingwood	8
" " combing	612		19
" locks	615	WH&B Dumble	5
" D "	616	IS Wheeo	4
" super 2nd fleece	617	Kaleno	9
" " "	620	Beriwinia Downs	35
" " clothing	621		10
Scoured superfine clothing	623	Haigh	15
Moorebank			
" super	624		21

certain mark, such as "Combing Park," "Beriwinia Downs," "Haigh-Collingwood," &c., the buyers are enabled to give a shrewd guess as to the quality of each lot, and to sample those likely to best suit their purpose without unnecessary loss of time. Previous to the erection of the present building in 1875, the sales were carried on in a room at Moorgate Street Buildings.

RECREATION FOR THE BRITISH SOLDIER IN INDIA is plentifully provided by the Commander-in-Chief's recent reforms. Regimental institutes have been established containing a library and reading-room, a general recreation hall, an army temperance association room, a theatre, and a refreshment department. Coffee and refreshment rooms, with liquor bars, replace the old military canteen, and the soldiers are tempted away from lounging at the bars by varied and attractive amusements.

FLAGS CAPTURED AT THE BATTLE OF TOSKI

THE standard and flags of Wad-el-Njumi, three in number, captured by the Soudanese brigade, under the command of Colonel Woodhouse, at the battle of Toski, on August 3rd, have arrived in England, for presentation to the Duke of Cambridge. They have been sent home in charge of Surgeon Donnet, A.M.S., who was attached to the 20th Hussars, and had thus the good fortune to be the only officer of his department present at the engagement. No. 1 is made of white linen, backed with unbleached calico, measures seven feet by four, and bears an inscription in blue, yellow, red, and white letters. No. 2 is believed to have been presented by the late Mahdi. It is made of mauve satine, now much faded, has a white border, and a motto stitched on in white letters. This flag has evidently seen service, and is in a very tattered and dilapidated condition. No. 3 is the principal standard, which measures six feet by seven, and is made of yellow cloth with a red border about a foot deep,



garnished with blue stripes. The inscription is in letters of blue satine, stitched upon the cloth. All the flags are mounted on bamboos about thirteen feet long, shod with iron, to enable them to be fixed in the ground; presumably before Wad-el-Njumi's tent. The bamboos are fitted with circular hollow-pointed tin tops, containing some small pieces of metal, which give out a sound like a child's rattle on a large scale as the flag is being carried, or is agitated by the wind. The inscriptions on the banners are almost identical, the translation being as follows:—"God is merciful and benign. He is eternal, exalted, and over all. There is one only God. Mahomet is his prophet. And Mahomet-el-Mahdi is the disciple of the prophet."—Our engravings are from photos sent us by Fleet Surgeon William Digby Longfield.

ELIZA COOK

THE popular poetess, Miss Eliza Cook, who had long been in failing health, died at her residence, 23, Thornton Road, Wimbledon, on September 24th, in her seventy-seventh year, having been born on Christmas Eve, 1812. She was the youngest of eleven children of a Southwark tradesman, and being left at an early age without a mother, was thrown on her own resources, and was to a large extent self-taught. She began to write verse at the age of fourteen, and about the year 1838 her poems found their way into the *Weekly Dispatch*, the *New Monthly*, the *Literary Gazette*, the *Metropolitan*, and other periodicals. On her name being revealed, she found her-



self famous. In 1840 appeared her first volume of collected pieces under the title of "Melaia, and Other Poems," which speedily found a sale in America as well as here. She was an especial favourite with the working-classes, on account of the large-hearted, liberal, and philanthropic opinions which she expressed, and when her magazine, called *Eliza Cook's Journal*, which she published from 1849 to 1854, was discontinued, its sudden suppression caused infinite regrets in many a well-ordered household. She subsequently published "Jottings from my Journal" (1860), "New Echoes" (1864), and a new collection of her poetical works, which has passed through many editions. Since 1864 she had been in receipt of a literary pension of 100*l*. per year.—Our engraving is from a photograph by the late Messrs. John and Charles Watkins.

THE FORTH BRIDGE is now in the last stage of construction. The southern shore of the Firth of Forth and the island of Inchgarvie, which supports the centre of the bridge, were finally connected last week, and the northern section will probably be finished next week, thus establishing complete communication from end to end of the structure.

HOLLAND HOUSE AND ITS OWNERS

IN THREE PARTS—PART II.

THE FIRST LORD HOLLAND evidently enjoyed pride and pleasure in restoring the interior of the mansion he had secured, and, with Lady Holland, who loved the grounds and gardens, much was done to improve the out-of-door surroundings; in this he was assisted by capable experts. "The grounds," says Faulkner, "were laid out about the year 1769 by Mr. Charles Hamilton, of Pain's Hill, a gentleman celebrated for his exquisite taste in gardening, and who was an intimate friend of Lord Holland." He introduced several American trees and a vast variety of curious oaks, many of which are still flourishing. The cedars planted under his direction are much admired, and one clump in particular, situated to the north-west, affords with its branches a fine frame to the prospect, and to the effect of the setting sun, especially in summer time; but the greatest proof of his discernment and taste is to be found in a green walk, originally an open lane, which, at his suggestion, was turfed and ornamented. It reaches far towards the Uxbridge Road. Near the south entrance to this verdant glade are two noble Oriental planes remarkable for the size they have attained in this climate.

The Long Gallery, now a Library, the extent of the west wing of the house, was, we are told, entirely out of repair, even unfloored, when Henry Fox first inhabited the house. "The galleries in old houses were built, it is presumed, for dancing, feasting, or exercise." It was in this apartment, which is over one hundred feet in length, that Joseph Addison is reported to have taken his "constitutional" between the two extremities. The gallery of Holland House, Faulkner asserts, "in its original state, must have been so perforated with windows as to have resembled a green-house rather than an inhabited apartment. Excepting on the north-east quarter, it contained no space for pictures, and little for furniture." Lord Holland showed a sympathy for the fine Arts, particularly in his patronage of Hogarth, and exhibited good taste in commissioning Sir Joshua Reynolds to paint numerous portraits of himself, his relations, and friends; the Long Chamber was converted by the first Baron Holland into a picture-gallery to contain the family portraits. "He blocked up the greater number of windows, and opened, in lieu of them, the large bow-window on the west side." Over the north door were placed his arms, while over the south were those of his wife, who was about the time of these alterations created Baroness Holland. This marks the year 1762, while Fox still clung to the House of Commons, where, at the instance of Lord Bute, he remained to defend the treaty known as the "Peace of Paris," the patent to his wife being conferred as an earnest of honours to follow his successful championship of this measure.

Lady Caroline Lennox was, by her husband's desire, made a peeress in her own right. The quaint motto under her coat-of-arms "*Re Marito*," "The King and my husband," is a grateful allusion to the circumstance. The walls on the north side of this picture gallery were, says Faulkner, "ornamented with portraits of the Fox family, inlaid with very narrow gilt cornices on a blue wainscot; and the south side contained, in like manner, the portraits of the Lennox family, with those of Charles II. and his mistress Madame de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth," from whom sprung the Richmond branch; these portraits were sunk in the panels "and surrounded with small mirrors." The pictures happily remain in Holland House, though change of taste in the owners has caused their removal to other apartments. In 1797, the third Lord Holland began his library, and the cases for the reception of his numerous books gradually displaced the family portraits from the picture gallery thus improvised by his grandfather.

Henry Fox, who, in his public conduct, has given posterity cause to question his probity, was raised, it has been seen, to the Upper House in 1763, at the time his once vigorous constitution gave symptoms of approaching decay.

Concerning his peerage, Fox, writing from Aubigny to George Selwyn, his friend and correspondent, remarks, "I sent Betty a present by Lord Bateman, which he tells me she received very graciously indeed. She advised me against going into the House of Lords, and so did you—and very wisely, if I retained any further views of ambition. But it was to cut up that by the roots, and



LORD JOHN RUSSELL (THE DINING ROOM)
Painted by Sir George Hayter, in the Vandyke manner

with that intention, and after deliberation with that intention, that I did it, and Lady Caroline and I find great reason now to be glad that it was done."

In his political ambitions it is related that he "regarded money as a principal object, and power as only a secondary concern." Money, indeed, he needed; for it was squandered on his children, who were allowed unbounded indulgence; Lord Holland had the failing (as a means for supplying extravagance) of caring for riches, while his rival, Chatham, "regarded not wealth." It is not difficult to understand the panegyric paid to Henry Fox's reputation in "Lord Chesterfield's Characters Reviewed"—that he was "an excellent husband, a most indulgent father, a kind master, a courteous neighbour, and a man whose charities demonstrated that he possessed in abundance the milk of human kindness." His portraits in Holland House by Hogarth and by Reynolds reveal a man who looks capable of anything, and, withal, seemed possessed of an easy humour. This last quality, if report speaks truly, did not fail him in his extremity. His final injunction about George Selwyn—so famous an attendant at executions, he was said to love corpses—is to the point. "If Mr. Selwyn calls again, let him in; if I am alive I shall be very glad to see him, and if I am dead he will be very glad to see me."

Walpole wrote, May, 1774, to Sir Horace Mann concerning the misfortunes then overtaking the house of Fox:—"Lord Ilchester

has had a stroke of palsy, and it is not the first. How thick calamities fall on that family: Lord Holland drags on a wretched life, and Lady Holland is dying of a cancer. Their youngest, and only good, son is just gone with his regiment to America." This excellent youth was Henry Edward, afterwards General Fox, whose portrait by Hoppner is in the Holland House collection.

For some years Henry, Lord Holland's health had been failing. He expired at Holland House on the 1st of July, 1774. The wife, of whom he had so romantically become possessed, only survived him twenty-three days, though his junior by eighteen years. Henry Fox's eldest son, the second Lord Holland, who was noted in the clubs for his extravagance, and was of a corpulent habit, which obtained for him the sobriquet of "the sleepy Fox," only lived to enjoy the title and estates six months. He left a son who succeeded him, and became popular as the nephew of the great Whig Chief. Henry's second son died young; his third son was the most illustrious of the name, Charles James Fox, the orator and statesman; his fourth son, Henry Edward, was the General Fox just referred to, whose name occasionally occurs in the memoirs of the time. Gillray and the wits designated him as "the Fox who smelt fire." Stephen, Lord Holland, married Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, daughter of John, first Earl of Upper Ossory.

According to George Anne Bellamy, Stephen Fox suffered from a nervous disorder. That lively actress relates in her "Apology" that at an election contest at Windsor, which Harry Fox had represented in Parliament, his eldest son, Stephen, while standing by Mistress Bellamy at the door of an inn, was subjected to a violent attack—"a fellow came up with a bludgeon in his hand, and aimed a blow at the young gentleman, crying at the same time, 'No Foxes! no Doxies!' Providentially a person behind levelled



EAST WING BY MOONLIGHT, FROM PICTURE ROOM WINDOW

the fellow to the ground, just in time to prevent the blow from taking effect. . . . The alarm Master Fox received from this incident had such an effect upon his mind that it brought on him a disorder named *St. Vitus's Dance*, which affected him upon any little disappointment or vexation to a most violent degree, and he laboured under it for several years." Mrs. Bellamy has related another instance of this seizure, which happened when Stephen and Charles, then hopeful youths at Eton, coolly came to Manager Rich with a modest request to put up a play for their special pleasure. "The next winter," continues the actress's "Apology," "I was witness to a paroxysm of this disorder, which much alarmed me. Both the young gentlemen being come from Eton, they waited upon me to request that I would use my interest with Mr. Rich to get the tragedy of *Alexander* performed the next night; Master Charles having heard such an account of it as excited his curiosity. They waited in my dressing-room whilst I sent to the manager. But for some reason, which I could never find out, Mr. Rich sent back a refusal. The vexation occasioned by this disappointment brought the fit so violently on Master Fox that the fright almost deprived me of sense."

Stephen Fox is alluded to by Walpole and the caricaturists as an eminent member of the tribe of the "Gambling Macaroni." Writing to Sir H. Mann (July 10th, 1774), Horace Walpole informs his friend that "Lord Holland at last is dead, and Lady Holland is on the point of death. His sons would still be in good circumstances, if they were not his sons; but he has so totally spoiled the two eldest, that they would think themselves bigots if they were to have common sense." Later on (July 30th), Walpole wrote to the Countess of Upper Ossory, "This Lord Holland will have 10,000*l.* a-year."

The Princess Liechtenstein, in her "Memorials of Holland House," thus summarises the second Baron Holland:—"To the circumstance of his short life, may, perhaps, be attributed the fact that he does not figure in history. It has been insinuated that he liked a good table. We may be certain that he kept a pleasant one; for he was good-natured and brilliant—a rare combination—and his memory is still dear to his descendants born long after his death."

Sir Joshua Reynolds, who enjoyed the patronage of the Holland family, and Zoffany, have painted portraits of Stephen Fox. He was a handsome man, with a sybaritic cast of countenance, lacking some of the force and spirit which characterised the faces of most members of his family. During the minority of the third Lord Holland, Lord Rosebery occupied the house, Mr. Bearcroft succeeded him as a tenant, and the land was let to various persons. One of the gems of the Holland House Collection is the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds which represents a group of relations of the family. Lady Sarah Lennox, the youthful sister of the first Baroness Holland, is leaning out of a window of Holland House; Charles James Fox, represented as a handsome lad of about fourteen, has in his hand a M.S. part in a play, or a speech he was



YELLOW DRAWING ROOM

presumed to have been studying. Lady Susan Strangways, the daughter of the first Earl of Ilchester, and consequently niece to Lord Holland, is standing beside her cousin, the future statesman, in the attitude of offering a dove to Lady Sarah. Beyond the charm of Sir Joshua's pencil, the three personages represented are rendered additionally interesting from the circumstances of their later careers. Theatricals were in favour at Holland House, and the children revived the performances, witnessed by a select company in the earlier days of its history. On this point we have the evidence of a letter written by Horace Walpole to George Montague, Jan. 22nd, 1761: "I was excessively amused on Tuesday night; there was a play at Holland House, acted by children; not all children, for Lady Sarah Lennox and Lady Susan Strangways played the women. It was *Jane Shore*; Mr. Price (Lord Barrington's nephew) was 'Gloster,' and acted better than three parts of the comedians; Charles James Fox, 'Hastings'; a little Nichols, who spoke well, 'Belmour'; Lord O'faly, Lord Ashbrooke, and other boys, did the rest; but the two girls were delightful, and acted with so much nature and simplicity that they appeared the very things they represented. Lady Sarah, who played the heroine, was more beautiful than you can conceive, and her very awkwardness gave an air of truth to the shame of the part, and the antiquity of the time, which was kept up by her dress, taken out of Montfaucon. Lady Susan was dressed from Jane Seymour; and all the parts were clothed in ancient habits, and with the most minute propriety. I was infinitely more struck with the last scene between the two women than ever I was when I had seen it on the stage. When Lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears, and on the ground, no Magdalen by Coreggio was half so lovely and expressive. You would have been charmed, too, with seeing Mr. Fox's little boy (Henry Edward) of six years' old, who is beautiful, and acted the Bishop of Ely, dressed in lawn sleeves and with a square cap; they had inserted two lines for him, which he could hardly speak plainly. Francis had given them a pretty prologue."

The Francis here mentioned was the well known translator of Horace, and father of Sir Philip Francis, who was generally assumed to have been the writer of "Junius's Letters." The friendly connections between the Francis and Holland families is assigned as the reason Henry Fox is treated so leniently in those famous diatribes; it is certain Henry Fox's public conduct fully merited the lash of "Junius."

Evidences of intimacy between the inmates of Holland House and Sir Philip Francis are manifold; the supposed author of "Junius" is described as being one of the privileged members of the third Lady Holland's "Salon;" his portrait hangs in "The Journal Room" there; and he was accustomed to stay as a visitor in the House. It was there Rogers, the poet and banker, in a confidential moment, ventured on the curious inquiry, "Now, Sir Philip, I should like to ask you a rather delicate question!" which "feeler" Francis abruptly extinguished. "At your peril, sir; at your peril." Rogers firmly believed he had discovered the identity of "Junius," and declared if Francis was not "Junius" he at least was "Brutus."

Sir Philip's copy of C. J. Fox's "James II.," is treasured in the Library of Holland House; in this is the characteristic MS. note in Francis's autograph—"The Spirit of Freedom and Detestation of Tyranny which prevail through this fragment, not only reconcile me to its minor faults, but make me regret deeply that the work, intended by Mr. Fox, was not completed on his plan."

The Duke of Richmond and his family were unnecessarily distressed by what they, in their pride, considered a *mésalliance* on the part of Lady Caroline Lennox, who married Henry Fox out of sheer affection; although she thus set prudential motives at defiance, her marriage turned out a felicitous venture. History was bound to repeat itself, and the Fox family accordingly had to deplore another elopement and *mésalliance* in the person of one belonging to their own race. Elopements were somewhat the fashion in the traditions of Holland House. The two fair ladies depicted in Reynolds' famous picture followed the mode, with an interval between. Lady Susan Strangways, Henry Fox's niece, being addicted to theatricals, must needs fall in love with a handsome player, O'Brien, and, by his eloquent Irish tongue, be persuaded into a clandestine marriage, which furnished fashionable gossip with a topic no less stirring than the earlier elopement of Harry Fox, already related, and the later escapade of Lady Sarah Bunbury, to say nothing of subsequent feats of a similar kind in the same family, which in their day astonished the town for awhile. Mrs. Harris communicated the news by letter to her son, afterwards the Earl of Malmesbury, April 5th, 1764:—

"The Court and Assembly's talk yesterday was all of the match of Lady Susan Strangways and O'Brien, the player. It is said she went out on Saturday with a servant, whom, under pretext of having forgotten something, she sent back, and said she would wait in the street till her return. O'Brien was waiting in a



TOM MOORE (THE DINING ROOM)
Painted by Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A.

hackney-coach, which she got into, and they went to Covent Garden Church, and were married. 'Tis a most surprising event, as Lady Susan was everything that was good and amiable; how she ever got acquainted with this man is not to be accounted for; they say she sent him 200*l.* a little time since. Everybody is concerned at this rash step. She is of age."

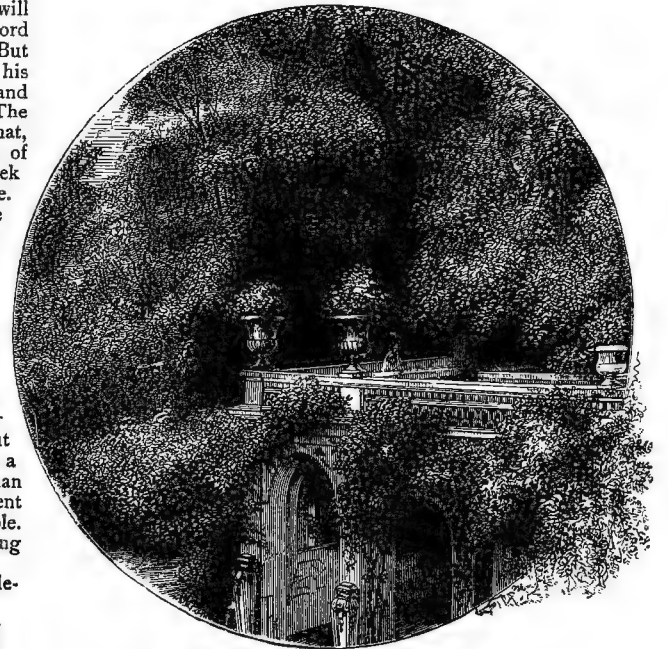
So tempting a subject for gossip was so much to Horace Walpole's taste that it seems quite a matter of course to find him imparting the tidings (April 12th, 1764) to the Earl of Hertford:—"You will have heard of the sad misfortune that has happened to Lord Ilchester by his daughter's marriage with O'Brien the actor. But perhaps you do not know the circumstances, and how much his grief must be aggravated by reflection on his own credulity and negligence. The affair has been in train for eighteen months. The swain had learned to counterfeit Lady Sarah's hand so well, that, in the country, Lord Ilchester has himself delivered several of O'Brien's letters to Lady Susan. But it was not till about a week before the catastrophe that the family was apprised of the intrigue. Lord Cathcart went to Miss Catharine Read's, the paintress—she said, softly, to him—'My lord, there is a couple in the next room that I am sure ought not to be together; I wish your lordship would look in.' He did, shut the door again, and went directly and informed Lord Ilchester. Lady Susan was examined, flung herself at her father's feet, confessed all, vowed to break off—but—what a *but*!—desired to see the loved object, and take a last leave. You will be amazed—even this was granted. The parting scene happened the beginning of the week. On Friday she came of age, and on Saturday morning—instead of being under lock and key in the country—walked downstairs, took her footman, said she was going to breakfast with Lady Sarah, but would call at Miss Read's; in the street pretended to recollect a particular cap in which she was to be drawn, sent the footman back for it, whipped into a hackney chair, was married at Covent Garden Church, and set out for Mr. O'Brien's villa at Dunstable. My lady—my Lady Hertford! What say *you* to permitting young ladies to act plays, and go to painters by themselves?"

"Poor Lord Ilchester is almost distracted; indeed, it is the comple-

tion of disgrace—even a footman were preferable; the publicity of the hero's profession perpetuates the misfortune. *Il ne sera pas milord, tout comme un autre.* I could not have believed that Lady Susan would have stooped so low. She may, however, still keep good company, and say, 'Nos numi sumus' Lady Mary Duncan (daughter of the Earl of Thanet), Lady Caroline Adair (daughter of the Earl of Albemarle), Lady Betty Gallini (daughter of the Earl of Abingdon)—the shopkeepers of next age will be mighty well born."

Lady Sarah Lennox was certainly one of the most brilliant figures associated with Holland House. Amongst the artistic treasures belonging to the mansion there is cherished, besides the *chef d'œuvre* by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which her portrait conspicuously appears, an attractive miniature of this fair celebrity by Francis Cotes, R.A. Though only connected with Holland House as the sister-in-law of Henry Fox, several incidents of Lady Sarah's career are directly associated with the place. There was a certain amount of romance in her parents' history. The young Earl of March was, by his father, the first Duke of Richmond, natural son of the "Merry Monarch," married to Lady Sarah Cadogan, while the bride and bridegroom—whose wishes were not consulted in this delicate matter—were still children at school. This eccentric match was made by the Duke of Richmond to cancel a gambling debt incurred by him to Lord Cadogan, one of the Duke of Marlborough's generalissimos. At the nuptials, Lord March, who did not relish the proceeding, ungallantly exclaimed—"They surely are not going to marry me to that dowdy." After the ceremony had taken place, a post-chaise being in readiness, the bridegroom was instantly packed off with his tutor to perform the *Grand Tour*, while the bride was forthwith re-confided to her mother's custody. The youthful peer returned some years later, having, in the interval, accomplished his education abroad. With no agreeable recollections of the early and distasteful matrimonial responsibilities he had been obliged to contract, far from being eager to seek his child-wife, Lord March, on his arrival in town, as related by his grandson, Mr. Henry Napier, "went directly to the Opera or theatre, where he amused himself, between the acts, in examining the company. He had not been long occupied in this manner, when a very young and beautiful woman more especially struck the fancy of this gay Lothario, and, turning to a gentleman beside him, he asked who she was. 'You must be a stranger in London,' replied the gentleman, 'not to know the Toast of the Town, 'The Beautiful Lady March!'" Agreeably surprised at this intelligence, Lord March proceeded to the box, announced himself, and claimed his bride, the very dowdy whom he had so scornfully rejected some years before, but with whom he lived so happily that she died of a broken heart within the year of his decease, which took place at Godalming, in August, 1750.

It was with the eldest daughter of this happy, though oddly-wedded, pair that Harry Fox stole a clandestine match, to the temporary desolation of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond. At the death of her mother Lady Sarah Lennox was only five years and a few months old, but she had already figured as the heroine of a pretty little adventure, which had thus early won her an interest



TERRACE AND COLONNADE, SOUTH SIDE



HOLLAND HOUSE, SOUTH SIDE

with the King. Her father, the second Duke of Richmond, was one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to George II., who kept State at Kensington Palace. "My grandfather," writes Henry Napier (Holland House MSS.), "being about the Court, his children were often taken to walk in Kensington Gardens by their French or Swiss governess to see the Royal Family promenade, as they usually did, on the Broad Walk; the children could speak no English, and on one of these days of public procession, while the governess and my aunt, Lady Louisa Conolly, were quietly looking on, my mother, who was of a lively, volatile disposition, suddenly broke from the astonished Frenchwoman, and, bounding up to the King, exclaimed, laughingly, '*Comment vous portez-vous, Monsieur le Roi, vous avez une grande et belle maison, ici, n'est ce pas?*'" Old George II. was delighted at this *naïveté*, and, soon discovering who she was, desired that she should be brought very often to see him." The monarch's whim was humoured, and little Lady Sarah became a privileged Royal playmate. "On one occasion after a romp with my mother, the King suddenly snatched her up in his arms, and, after depositing her in a large china jar, shut down the cover to prove her courage, but soon released her, when he found that the only effect was to make her, with a merry voice, begin singing the French song of '*Malbruc*,' with which he was quite delighted."

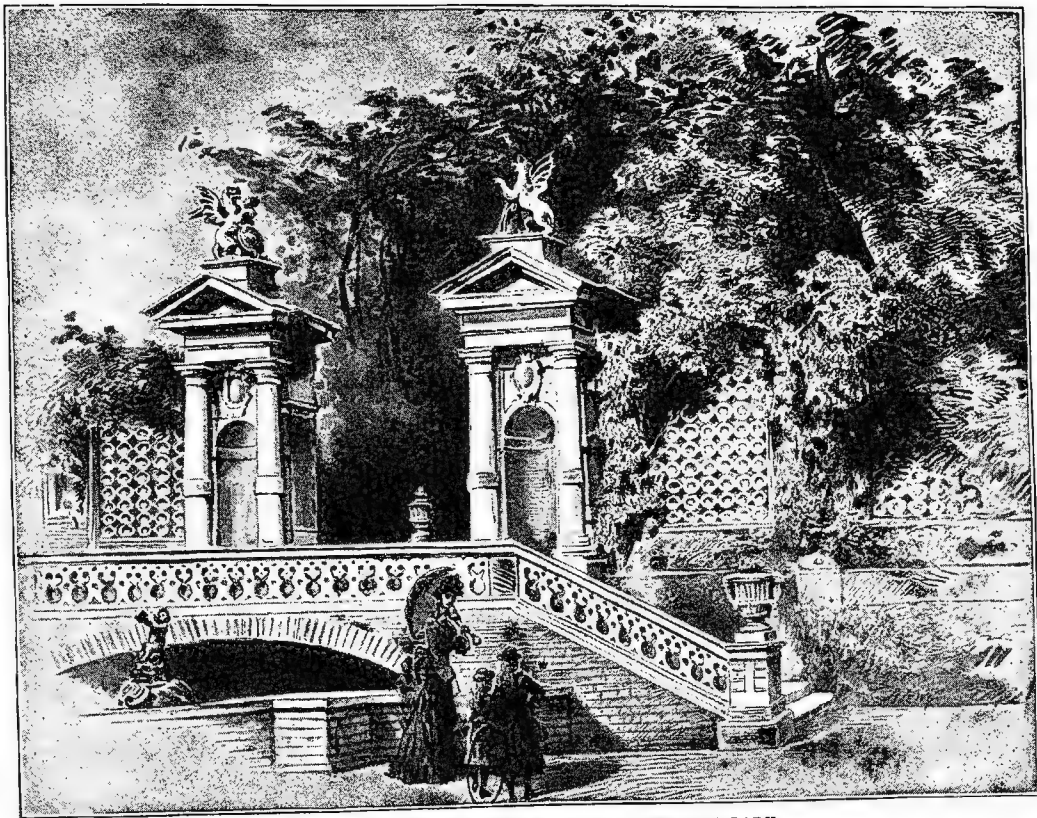
After the death of the Duchess of Richmond, Lady Sarah for awhile went to Ireland with her sister, Lady Kildare, afterwards Duchess of Leinster, under whose care she remained until she was thirteen years of age, when she and Lady Louisa Lennox were taken under the guardianship of Lady Holland, the eldest of the Lennox sisters. Lady Sarah was now a tall and winsome maiden, endowed in an unusual degree with that wondrous charm and youthful bloom of complexion which she retained to the last.

George II., we may be assured, was soon informed of the return to the vicinity of the Palace of the arch maid who had amused him

in days gone by; and the politic Harry Fox lost no time in complying with the King's wish to have his fair favourite presented at the Palace. There an odd scene occurred, the old Monarch, his shy grandson, the Prince of Wales, and the courtiers were all eyes, when the new comer was re-introduced to the presence, and His Majesty, then tottering on the verge of the grave, forgetful of the lapse of years, "began to joke and play with her, as if she were still a child of five years old." Here was an embarrassing position for a blushing young lady, whose training revealed to her the absurdity of the situation. The King, grown senile, did not see matters in this light; he had expected a vivacious playmate, whose arch insouciance had formerly amused him—he found a silly, disconcerted miss. "Pooh! she's grown quite stupid!" was the Royal comment; but the interview was like to have borne momentous results which pointed to the throne itself.

"The Prince of Wales," says Napier, "was then and there struck with admiration and pity, feelings that ripened into an attachment which, as I have been told, never left him, even in his most unsettled moments, until the day of his death."

Harry Fox, astute diplomatist as he was, has been accused of scheming to make this direct descendant of Charles II. Queen by marriage with the young Prince, who was a sort of cousin of the captivating Lady Sarah Lennox; whatever seriousness may have entered into this design, it may be said the volatile young lady was never thoroughly in earnest, though the Prince, it is proved, was deeply affected, and Fox—in spite of the alarm of the Royal Family and of those who were jealous of the Royal prerogative—insidiously brought to bear all the arts of intrigue to increase the timid Prince's affection for Lady Sarah. Allied against his boldly ambitious scheme was the influence of the strong-minded Dowager Princess of Wales, supported by the astute, calculating Earl of Bute, whose prudential insight ultimately shattered the romance,



GATEWAY, BY INIGO JONES, LEADING TO THE PARK

to the discomfiture of the Fox family. The picture of this winsome young lady at this period has been sketched by her brother-in-law's hand. In the Holland House MSS. is the following description, written in the first Lord Holland's autograph:—

"Her beauty is not easily described, otherwise than by saying she has the finest complexion, most beautiful hair, and prettiest person that ever was seen, with a sprightly and fine air, a pretty mouth, and remarkably fine teeth, and excess of bloom in her cheeks; little eyes."

According to the various portraits of this fair celebrity, the last expression is wrongly chosen. Lady Sarah's eyes in the likenesses are long and "almond-shaped," and, though the reverse of "gazelle-like," brilliant, expressive, and twinkling with humour; in this respect she took after her great grandfather, the "Merry Monarch." Lord Holland evidently realised the difficulty of verbally doing justice to the attractions of his winning relative, as he has added to these notes, "But this is not describing her—her great beauty was a peculiarity of countenance that made her at the same moment different from, and prettier than, any other girl I ever saw."

Although not indifferent, Lady Sarah was evidently "too young to be actuated by steadiness of purpose;" the warm admiration of the Prince, though sincere, was but clumsily expressed, and she appeared to have more girlish affection for her dogs, squirrel, and domestic pets than for a Royal suitor. "As in many a girl of her own age," writes Miss Fox, "tenderness really existed in her heart, but it existed undeveloped." George II. had died during the development of this little pastoral, in which his fair protégée played the second part; the Prince of Wales became King, and persevered in his preference, while Lady Sarah, arrived at the age of fifteen, still failed to discover her own mind, and even sought distraction in an inopportune flirtation with Lord Newbottle, the future Mar-

quis of Lothian. Another charm in the Royal eyes was Lady Sarah's native spirit of truthfulness; the King on an occasion pressed her to make some favourable admission, which she refused because it would be telling an untruth. "But," said the King, "you would not mind a white lie?" And she answered, "Yes, I would, sir." The King told somebody soon afterwards that he liked Lady Sarah so much because she spoke her mind so frankly, and was utterly devoid of guile. With his usual touch of sarcasm, Horace Walpole, in his "Memoirs of the Reign of King George III.," has thrown some light upon this intrigue of the politic Fox. "Though he went himself to bathe in the

sea (possibly to disguise his intrigues), he left Lady Sarah at Holland House, where she appeared every morning in a field close to the great road (where the King passed on horseback) in a fancied habit, making hay." About this time Fox seems to have regarded the Royal alliance as within the range of possibility; he wrote to Lady Caroline, "Don't tell Lady Sarah that I am sure he intends to marry her, for I am not sure of it. Whether Lady Sarah shall be told what I am sure of I leave to the reader's judgment. I am sure that he loves her better than N. does." The silly flirtation with Lord Newbottle was brought to a close by the results of an accident; Lady Sarah's horse stumbled while she was out riding in Somersetshire, and the lady was laid up for a time with a fractured leg; when the fair Sarah had time for reflection, and under these painful and trying circumstances, the true characters of her suitors were revealed. "Lord Newbottle was reported to have made some unfeeling jest about her accident," while the King, on the other hand, manifested genuine anxiety and devotion, and, as her son, Henry Napier, has recorded, "had not the impropriety of such a proceeding been strongly urged, he would instantly have set off to visit her." Fox, on the same head wrote (April 7th, 1761), to his wife, then staying in Somerset with her invalid sister, "The King asked Conolly yesterday a hundred questions about Lady Sarah, wondered and was concerned she should be left to the care of a country surgeon. Conolly told him Hawkins had been sent to, and declared there could be no use in his going, that she

was very well, very cheerful, &c., H.M. I find inquired very tenderly." A week later, Harry Fox wrote more jubilantly to his wife, beginning his narrative in regal style, "To all whom it may concern. On Sunday I heard from good authority that the report of H.M.'s intended marriage with a Princess of Brunswick was entirely without foundation. And that he was totally free and unengaged. On Monday, therefore, I went to Court; I saw the Marqs. of Kildare and Conolly there, to whom I thought His M. had spoken, and probably might not speak to me, concerning Lady Sal. I determined, however, that he should, if I could bring it about. After a loose question or two, he, in a third, supposes I am by this time settled at Holland House? ('Now I have you.') 'I never go there, sir,' says I, 'there is nobody there.' 'Where is Lady Caroline?' 'In Somersetshire with Lady Sarah.' At that name his voice and countenance, gentle and gracious already, softened, and he coloured a little. 'I am very glad to hear she is so well.' 'As well as anybody can be with such an accident, but the pain was terrible from the motion of the coach till she got to Mr. Hoare's.' He drew up his breath, wreathed himself, and made the countenance of one feeling pain himself (thinks I, 'You shall hear of that again!') I added, 'She is extremely cheerful now, and patient and good-humoured to a degree.' 'Was she going down a steep hill when the horse fell?' 'I believe not, sir; the horse put his foot upon a stone, which broke, and it was impossible he should not fall. Lady Sarah, I hear,' says I, 'proposes to ride to London upon the same horse, to clear the horse from all blame.' 'That shows,' says he, 'a good spirit in Lady Sarah; but I trust

there will be prudence in the family to prevent it.' 'I fancy,' says I, 'Lady Caroline will dissuade it. But indeed the horse was not to blame: in rising again his shoulder pressed Lady Sarah's leg upon the stones, of which the road is full, and broke it.' Then came the same countenance and expression of uneasiness, which I rather increased by talking again of the pain the motion of the coach gave; and then relieved, by assuring that she had nothing hard to bear now but the confinement. 'I fancy,' says he, 'that is not very easy to Lady Sarah.' And then he left me for some conversation which neither gave him so much pain or so much pleasure as mine had done. I have shortened, not exaggerated a word in this account; and I don't think it was presumption made me imagine something particular whenever he pronounced—especially the last—Lady Sarah! Thus did the wily Fox play with the kindly emotions of his amiable and too simple Sovereign.

"Was not this enough?" inquires the historian of Holland House. "The spring was touched by a tender hand, and the door of Lady Sarah's heart flew open." She returned to Holland House, her susceptibilities aroused, and feeling truly touched by the Royal solicitude. At last "she cared for George the Third." Fox, in the MS. memoir referred to, records this judicious return to reason: "If she now ever thinks of Newbottle," the perfidious swain whose presence upset his calculations, "it is to vex and hate herself for the foolish transaction I before related."

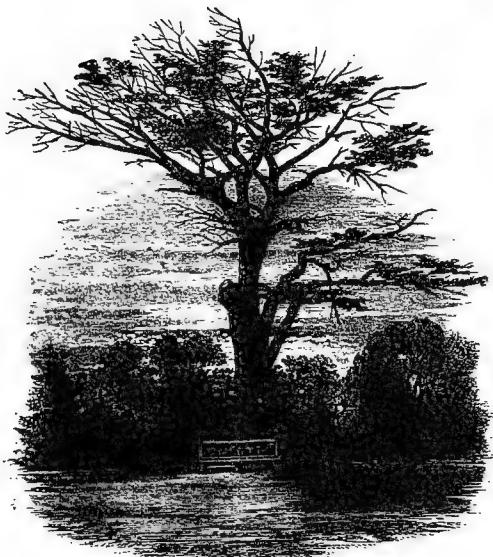
Lady Susan Strangways—who had not at that time given her heart to the too beguiling actor, O'Brien, was chosen by the King as his confidant. She was already Lady Sarah's ally. One evening, at a private ball at Court, the shy King endeavoured to make this third party his intermediary and the interpreter of his feelings. He took Lady Susan aside, and, amongst other things, inquired when she meant to leave town? "I intend to remain for the coronation, sir." He answered, "I hear it's very popular my having put it off;" that it would be a fine sight, "but there will be no coronation until there is a Queen;" with all which Lady Susan concurred. "I have had a great many applications from abroad, but I don't



THE GILT ROOM



LIBRARY, NORTH VIEW



THE OLD CEDAR TREE

like them. I have had none at home; I should like that better." Lady Susan answered nothing, being frightened. The King said, "What do you think of your friend, you know who I mean? Don't you think her fittest? tell your friend so from me." "He then went across the room," says Fox, "to Lady Sarah, bid her ask her friend what he had been saying, and make her tell her, and tell her all. She assured him she would."

"H. M. is not given to joke, and this would be a very bad joke too. Is it serious? Strange if it is, and a strange way of going about it. We are all impatient to know, and the next Sunday Lady Sarah goes to Court, out of humour, and had been crying all the morning; this, according to the Holland MSS.—Napier records, "When my mother saw him, he took her alone into a recess of one of the large windows and said, 'Has your friend told you of my conversation with her?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And what do you think of it? Tell me, for my happiness depends on it!' 'Nothing, Sir,' was my mother's reply; upon which he left her abruptly, exclaiming pettishly, 'Nothing comes of Nothing.'"

Lord Holland avers, "Lady Sarah looked as cross as she could. H. M., affronted, left her, seemed confused, and left the drawing-room." The motive, even to Fox's intelligence, was unfathomable; the manuscript continues, "The reader will be impatient to know why this young lady was so cross; and sorry (as I am) that it came so *mal à propos* as to hinder him and me, perhaps, from ever knowing what the King meant."

Whether or no the King designed to lay his crown at Lady Sarah's feet, his mother and her confidential advisers had determined otherwise. The influence of Lord Bute arranged a marriage with Charlotte Sophia, second daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz. Colonel Graeme, Lord Bute's compatriot, a Jacobite who had been out in the '45, was sent to the various Protestant Courts to report on the marriageable Princesses, and made this choice. Hume cynically declared to him, "Colonel Graeme, I congratulate you on having exchanged the dangerous employment of making Kings for the more lucrative province of making Queens." Fox made light of the downfall of his bold aspirations; and how did Lady Sarah bear this disappointment? Her letter on the event is the artless feminine note of the entire intrigue. She wrote to the confidant of the miscarried negotiations—baffled Cupid's intermediary—(July 7th, 1761):—

"My dearest Susan,—To begin to astonish you as much as I was, I must tell you that the King is going to be married to a Princess of Mecklenburg, and that I am sure of it. There is a Council to-morrow on purpose. The orders for it are *urgent and important* business. Does your choler rise at hearing this? But you think, I dare say, that I have been doing some terrible thing to deserve it, for you would not easily be brought to change so totally your opinion of any person, but I assure you I have not. . . . I shall take care to show I am not mortified to anybody, but if it is true that one can vex anybody with a reserved cold manner, he shall have that I promise him. Now as to what I think about myself, excepting this little revenge, I have almost forgiven him; luckily for me, I did not love him, and only liked. Nor did the title weigh anything with me. So little at least that my disappointment did not affect my spirits above one hour or two, I believe; I did not cry I assure you, which I believe you will, for I know you were more set upon it than I was. The thing I am most angry at is looking so like a fool, as I shall, for having gone so often for nothing; but I don't much care. If he was to change his mind again (which can't be though), and not give a *very, very* good reason for his conduct, I would not have him; for, if he is so weak as to be governed by everybody, I shall have but a bad time of it. Now I charge you, dear Lady Sue, not to mention this to anybody but Lord and Lady Ilchester, and desire them not to speak of it to any mortal, for it will be said we invent stories, and he will hate us all anyway, for one generally hates people that one is in the wrong with, and that one knows has acted wrong, particularly if they speak of it, and it might do a great deal of harm to all the rest of the family, and do me no good. So pray remember this, for a secret among many people is very bad, and I must tell it some. . . . We are to act a play and have a little ball, to show we are not melancholy quite."

These intrigues, which had their head-quarters at Holland House, are thus fully recapitulated, as the episode elucidates the true dispositions of the parties variously concerned in the daring scheme which was devised to give a Queen to the kingdom from the Lennox and Fox families; moreover, the whole story belongs to



PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND (THE JOURNAL ROOM)
Painted by Ercole, after Ary Scheffer

the traditions of the mansion, from the MS. archives of which the foregoing particulars are mainly drawn.

Writing to the Countess of Ailesbury about the King's birthday *fêtes* (1761), Walpole declares, relative to the splendours of the occasion—"Do you remember one of those stories where a prince has eight statues of diamonds, which he overlooks, because he fancies he wants a ninth, and to his great surprise, the ninth proves to be pure flesh and blood, which he never thought of? Somehow or other, Lady Sarah Lennox is the ninth statue; and, you will allow, has better white and red than if she was made of pearls and rubies."

Later on, describing the double ceremonies of the King's coronation and marriage, Walpole observes—"Lady Sarah, with neither features nor air, was by far the chief angel there." At the drawing-room, afterwards, commenting on the ten bridesmaids—"Their heads crowned with diamonds, and in robes of white and silver," Walpole continues, "Lady Caroline Russell is extremely handsome; Lady Elizabeth Keppel very pretty; but with neither features nor air, nothing ever looked so charming as Lady Sarah Lennox. She has all the glow of beauty peculiar to her family." . . . "A ridiculous thing happened yesterday. Lord Westmoreland, not very young nor clear-sighted, mistook Lady Sarah Lennox for the Queen, kneeled to her, and would have kissed her hand if she had not prevented him. People think that a Chancellor of Oxford was naturally attracted by the blood of Stuart." Lord Westmoreland was a Jacobite, and this was the first time he had acknowledged the Hanoverian Succession. Napier relates that Lady Sarah Lennox, whose face the King, mentally absent, had watched during the whole ceremony, "drew back, startled, and, colouring deeply, exclaimed, I am not the Queen, sir." This little incident created a laugh and gossip. When George Selwyn heard of it, he

comically enough observed, "O, you know, he always loved 'Pretenders.'" The marriage occurred September 8th, 1761; Lady Sarah had already, when she met the King, "become dignified and grave, with a cross look, neither of which things are at all natural to her," says the Holland House MS., now resolved to follow the Royal example in the matrimonial direction, if only to prove she did not contemplate "wearing the willow."

Walpole wrote November 28th, 1761, "Lady Sarah Lennox has refused Lord Errol;" three months later (February 25th, 1762) he imparted to Sir H. Mann the news that "young Bunbury" was leading Lady Sarah captive; Charles Bunbury "is enrolled in a club of chicken orators," where he "notified a day on which he intended to move such a ques-

tion as had appeared in the Lords. When the day came, no Mr. Bunbury came, till it was too late. However, he pretended to have designed it, and on the 15th appointed himself to make it on the 17th, but was again persuaded off, or repented, and told us he would reserve himself and his objections for the day of the subsidy to Prussia. Nothing was ever more childish than these scenes. To show himself more a man, he is going to marry Lady Sarah Lennox, who is very pretty, from exceeding bloom of youth; but as she has no features, and her beauty is not likely to last so long as her betrothed's, he will probably repent this step, like his motions."

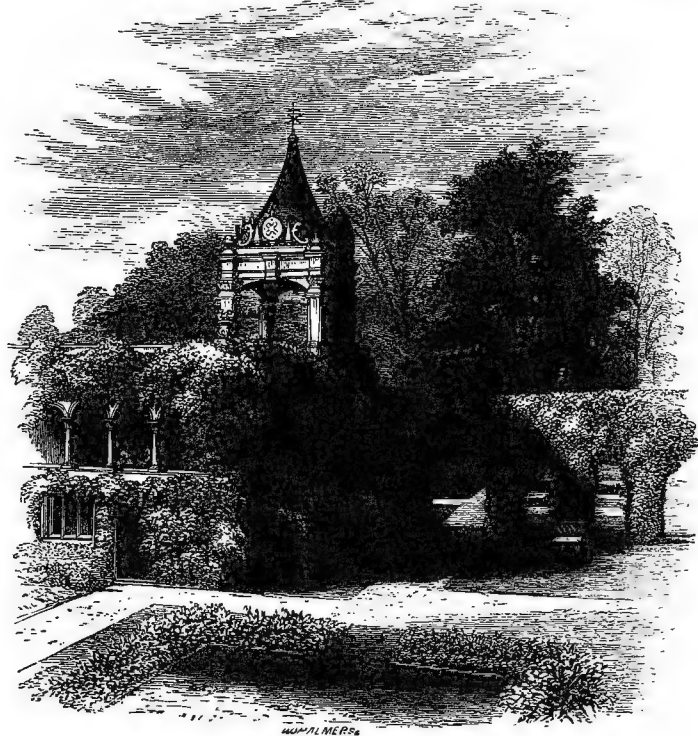
In this forecast Walpole spoke prophetically, though hardly in the sense he then expressed; unfortunately, the lady, whose charms rather improved than waned, subsequently found her life with Sir Charles Bunbury colourless and distasteful.

In 1762 Lady Sarah became Lady Bunbury. She evidently had other suitors, as the wits asserted:—

For as for the Shrewsbury's, and all such trumpery,
To them she prefers her black-legged Bunbury.

Sir Charles Bunbury, famous in the annals of sporting affairs, and later the much-respected President of the Jockey Club, was largely associated with Newmarket, but the distich erred as to the "black-leg." It was a fact well recognised on the Turf that though Bunbury "never wore gloves, he had always clean hands." Sir Charles's stud occupied his thoughts to the neglect of the fair Sarah, who preferred to move as a guiding spirit in fashionable amusements. Finding herself, as she imagined, neglected for pursuits connected with racing, she was finally to quit her first husband, eloping from a masquerade, at Holland House, with the Hon. Colonel George Napier, son of the fourth Lord Napier. Sir Charles Bunbury sued for a divorce, the marriage was dissolved by Act of Parliament, May, 1776; and Lady Sarah was at once married to Napier, and by this union became the mother of the gallant Sir Charles Napier, Commander of the Forces in India, and of General Sir William Napier, also famous as the military historian of the Peninsular wars.

Lady Sarah's beauty was of a more lasting nature than, on her marriage with Bunbury, Walpole was inclined to believe. In writing to the Countess of Ossory, October 17th, 1781, he plainly indicates that the interval



BALL ROOM IN DUTCH GARDEN

of twenty years had not impaired those attractions which had moved King George:—"I heard at Park Place that the Prince of Wales has lately made a visit to Lady Cecilia Johnston, where Lady Sarah Napier was. She did not appear, but he insisted on seeing her, and said 'she was to have been there,' pointing to Windsor Castle. When she came down he said he did not wonder at his father admiring her, and was persuaded she had not been more beautiful then." The King never forgot his early admiration for Lady Sarah Lennox. We are told the Queen, too, was "ever very gracious and attentive." Years after the marriage of George III., while witnessing a performance of Mrs. Pope, the actress, who was considered very like Lady Sarah, he said to Queen Charlotte, "She is like Lady Sarah still." Like her early admirer, George III., Lady Sarah had the misfortune to become blind.

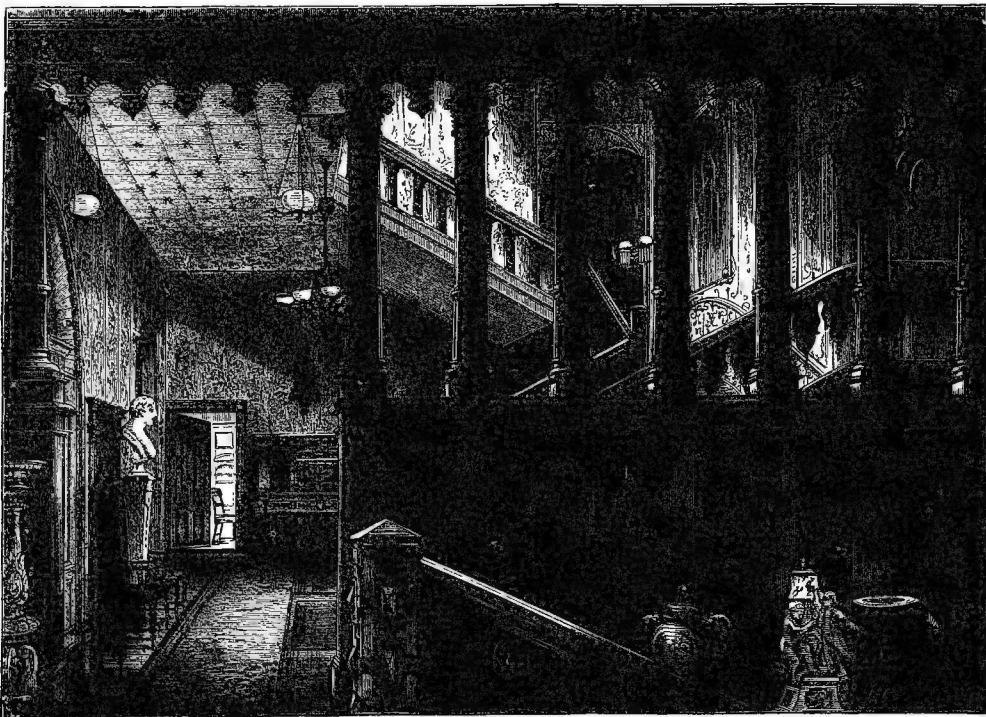
George Tierney, in a note amongst the Holland House MSS., has given a pathetic picture of the famous beauty afflicted with this infirmity. In 1814 he attended, at St. James's Church, a charity sermon preached by Dr. Andrews, the Dean of Canterbury, for the benefit of an infirmary established for the cure of diseases of the eye.

The Dean described the origin of the institution, which was established about the time His Majesty's sight began to fail, and was supported by the Royal protection from a charitable desire to prevent amongst the poorer classes of his subjects the progress of so severe a calamity. Dr. Andrews drew an affecting picture of the King, at that time, in addition to his other misfortunes, totally and incurably blind. Tierney's attention was attracted by an elderly lady, who appeared to be deeply affected by this part of the discourse, and who wept much. The service concluded, he observed that she was quite helpless from the entire loss of sight, and was obliged to be led out of church. The tears thus shed in commiseration of the King's sufferings fell from the eyes of Lady Sarah, who at one time had so much influence over His Majesty's affections.

Lady Sarah died in 1826, preserving "the beauty of her complexion to the end," as her son, Henry Napier, has recorded.

JOSEPH GREGO

(To be continued)



GREAT STAIRCASE, AS SEEN FROM THE INNER HALL

THE PROPOSED CHANNEL BRIDGE

SIR EDWARD WATKIN must look to his laurels, as a serious rival to his pet scheme of a Channel Tunnel has appeared in the form of a proposed Channel Bridge, which has been designed by M. Schneider, of Creuzot, and M. Hersent, ex-President of the French Civil Engineers' Society, and to which such well-known English engineers as Sir John Fowler and Mr. Benjamin Baker have appended their names. The details of the scheme were read last week before the meeting in Paris of the Iron and Steel Institute, and from them we hear that the bridge would cross the Channel from a point near Cape Grisnez to a point near Folkestone. In this manner it would pass over the shallowest parts of the Channel, such as the Colbart and Varne banks, and connect the shores where they approach closest to each other. The depth of the Channel between the British coast and the Varne does not exceed 96 feet, over the Varne and Colbart banks the depth at low water averages some 26 feet, between the banks there is a depression of about 80 feet, while from the Colbart to the French coast the bottom sinks abruptly to a depth of from 120 to 180 feet. The chief difficulty there will lie in making the foundations. The repeated experiments have shown that the ground is sufficiently solid to support very extensive works. The bridge would be of steel, and the amount of metal required is estimated at a million tons, half of which would be provided by each country. The cost would be 34,000,000*l.*, and the time needed for construction ten years. The widest spans would extend to some 1,638 feet (the longest span of the Forth Bridge is 1,640 feet), while the narrowest would measure some 320 feet. The columns would rest

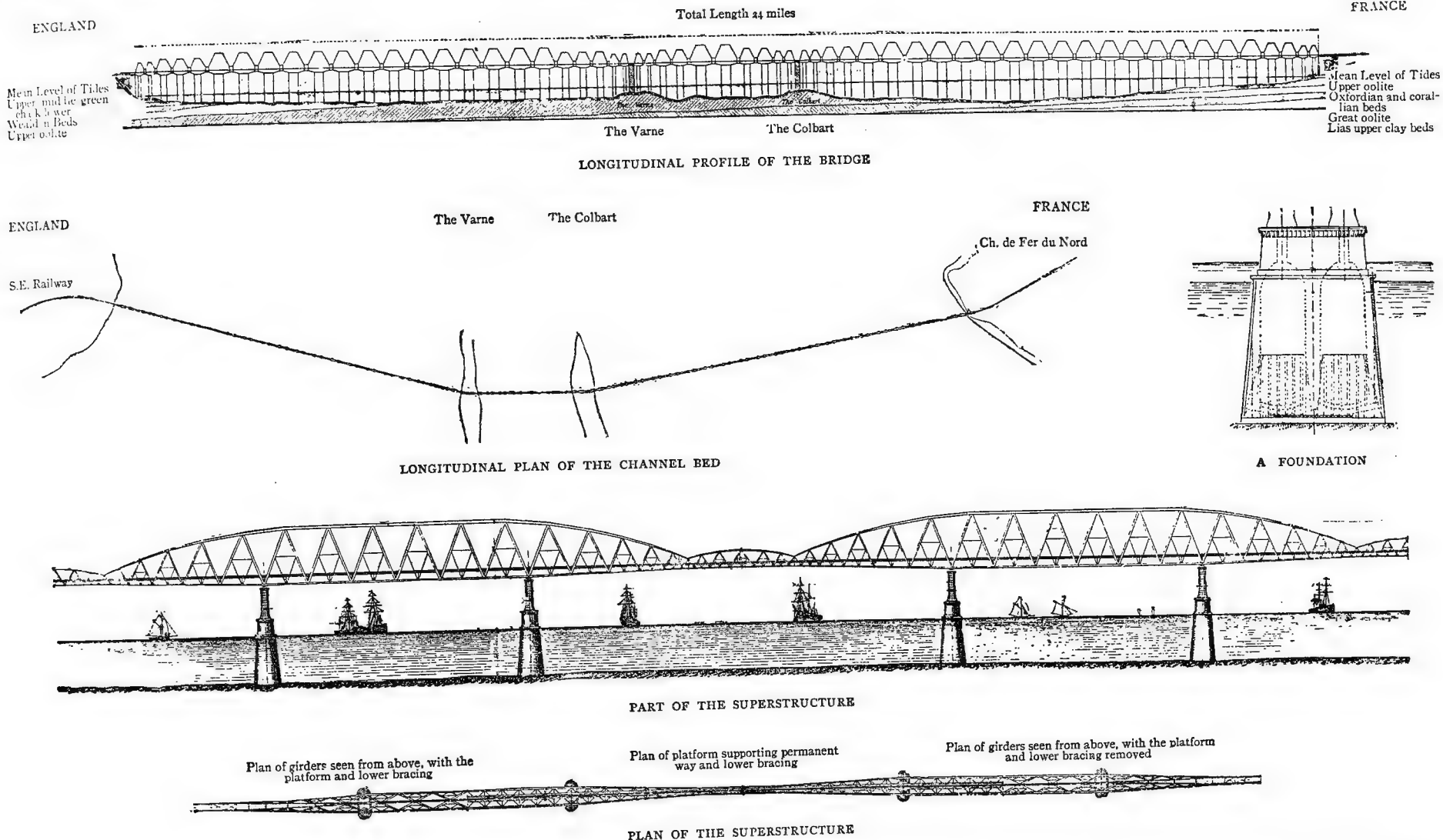
wonderful unknown city—in this case resembling one enormous gem, compounded of diamond, ruby, and topaz, outblazing the sun, and surrounded by a solid mass—a sort of living swamp—of millions of crocodiles, under a pestilential monster named Jun. The English visitors reach the city by a boat built on the most wonderful pseudo-scientific principles, which can float on air as well as on water, thus reaching the city through the crocodiles, and finding marvellous diamond-mines and gold-fields. Some of the details of this prodigious flight into Dreamland are really exciting, but often too horrible to be at all pleasant. This, however, is to the credit of the author's unquestionable power, and it will not be easy for the next inventor of nightmares to outdo him. Perhaps in "The Amber City" the school of the horrible has said its last word; and, on the whole, we hope so.

When a poet—a real poet, that is to say—condescends to write in prose, there is sure to be one excellent result: that is to say, distinction of style. The poetry shows itself through the prose, and gives it a spirit of its own, even when it is the most bent upon self-sacrifice. Of this rule, which may be taken as invariable, Louise Chandler Moulton's "Miss Eyre from Boston: and Others" (1 vol.: Boston: Roberts Brothers) is an example. The "others" are the other thirteen stories following Miss Eyre, or the other people, according as one pleases; and they are all of such singularly equal merit, in their varied and contrasted forms and motives, that the "others" have considerable ground for jealousy of Miss Eyre, on the score of her having been allowed the dignity of standing god-mother to so charming a volume. These, unhappily, are not the days of short stories; but if they were, Mrs. Moulton's would be secure of a very high place in them. They are not in the least like

latest novel will be more widely enjoyed than novels in other respects far better; and this by no means undeservedly. It is well written, and the plot is fairly interesting, although its overdrawn romance and many improbable incidents will occasionally provoke a smile. "Tales of To-day," by George R. Sims (1 vol.: Chatto and Windus) can only be described as book-making pure and simple. There are twelve stories in his volume, and there is absolutely nothing to be said about one of them, except that the titles are fairly well calculated to excite curiosity.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

IN view of the fact that Mr. Joseph Thomas Chapman's little volume of "Poems" (Arrowsmith) is written with a politico-philanthropic and social purpose, they are remarkably interesting. The poet expresses himself with fluency, freedom, and force, and he knows how to render a generous thought and emotion impressively and with rhythmic eloquence. He informs us that his endeavour has been, while repudiating anarchy and Utopian socialistic schemes, to express the conviction that a wide development of existing legislation and private benevolence, tending to diminish the enormous accumulations of individual wealth, and to alleviate undeserved privation, is demanded from Christians by their religion, and from all others by natural justice and humanity, provided the inevitable abuses and drawbacks would not exceed the beneficent effects. Still we prefer the poems in which Mr. Chapman's direct purpose is least conspicuous; "As We View It," for example, is a fine piece of verse, and states a very useful truth; so also is



on massive masonry supports and would be in themselves 130 feet high, so that at high water it is calculated that the lowest height of the bridge above the water would be nearly 180 feet—amply sufficient for the passage of any vessel yet constructed. Nor is it anticipated that the supporting columns would interfere with navigation, as the current, which would become a little faster in the centre of the open spans, would carry floating bodies—even disabled vessels—towards that portion of the span, and prevent them from touching the bridge. The width of the bridge is variable, the greatest distance between the axes of the main girders being the nearly 80 feet—a space necessary to insure the stability of the structure under the action of violent gusts of wind. There will be a double set of rails, and ample space for the men at work to keep clear of all passing trains, as well as for signal-boxes, &c. Lighthouses also would probably be erected at various points; while, to meet objections from military authorities, arrangements could be made for making the span at either end of the bridge removable when necessary.



"THE AMBER CITY: Being Some Account of the Adventures of Steam Crocodile in Central Africa," by Thomas Vetch (1 vol.: Biggs and Debenham), is another riot—one may call it debauch—of imagination, which in some points outdoes its predecessors combined—Captain Gulliver, Jules Verne, Mr. Rider Haggard, and all. Perhaps it is that people are beginning to have learned the trick; but it is impossible to help beginning to suspect that this sort of thing must be easier than it looks to people who have never tried, whatever may have been the case in Swift's days. In one way it is certainly grown easier. A good style is not expected, so long as there are plenty of horrors; and in "The Amber City" there are enough of these, and to spare. The chief difficulty in judging the novel consists in deciding to what age of reader it appeals. On the whole, however, if boys managed to get over the first half, it is their taste which seems to be principally thought of in the second; and, granting that it is legitimate to give boys a nightmare, it must be said that the author rises to the occasion, and would make any ordinary flesh creep all over. Of course we are introduced to a

other stories; and their almost excess of directness and simplicity makes reading them so pleasant and so easy that the supreme art of concealing Art is even too well attained from one point of view—until the volume is read through, and we feel that we have made fresh acquaintances and gone through fresh experiences, which we could not lose if we would, nor would we if we could. Of course they are quiet stories, treating largely of women's real and secret hearts; and it is a matter for wonder, therefore, how the least degree of monotony either in plot or in portraiture has been avoided. Each story is a separate drama, resembling the rest only in healthy and often humorous pathos and comprehensive sympathy. The authoress is still a mistress of the art of giving a whole picture or character in a single word. Of course the stories do not appeal to readers who only want to be startled or excited; there is absolutely no apparent effort after effect, and they read as if they had been crystallised by some natural process, they are so pure and clear.

Had there never been a Bret Harte, Mr. Francis Francis would never have written "Mosquito: a Tale of the Mexican Frontier" (1 vol.: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.); and that would have been a misfortune, though not, perhaps, a very grievous one. So much has Mr. Francis caught the style of his inspiration, that had the name of Bret Harte been on the title page we should only have wondered a little at his taking an Englishman for a hero, and opening and winding up his story in England. And this we intend for a high compliment; for it is not every follower of Ulysses who can draw Ulysses' bow. "Mosquito," better known as "Squito," or even as "Skeeter," is one of those daughters of Nature with whose series we are all so familiar, endowed with every savage grace and virtue, and making one wonder—for the time—that anybody should quit the regions, despite all discomforts, where they are to be found. The story is altogether a one-part piece, and so are to be found. The story is altogether a one-part piece, and so are to be found. The story is altogether a one-part piece, and so are to be found.

May Crommelin has never, we think, quite fulfilled the promise she gave in "Orange Lily," but she can be counted upon for a simple story in a sympathetic manner, as in "The Freaks of Lady Fortune" (2 vols.: Hurst and Blackett). Indeed, for the sake of its sympathetic character alone, we can well believe that her

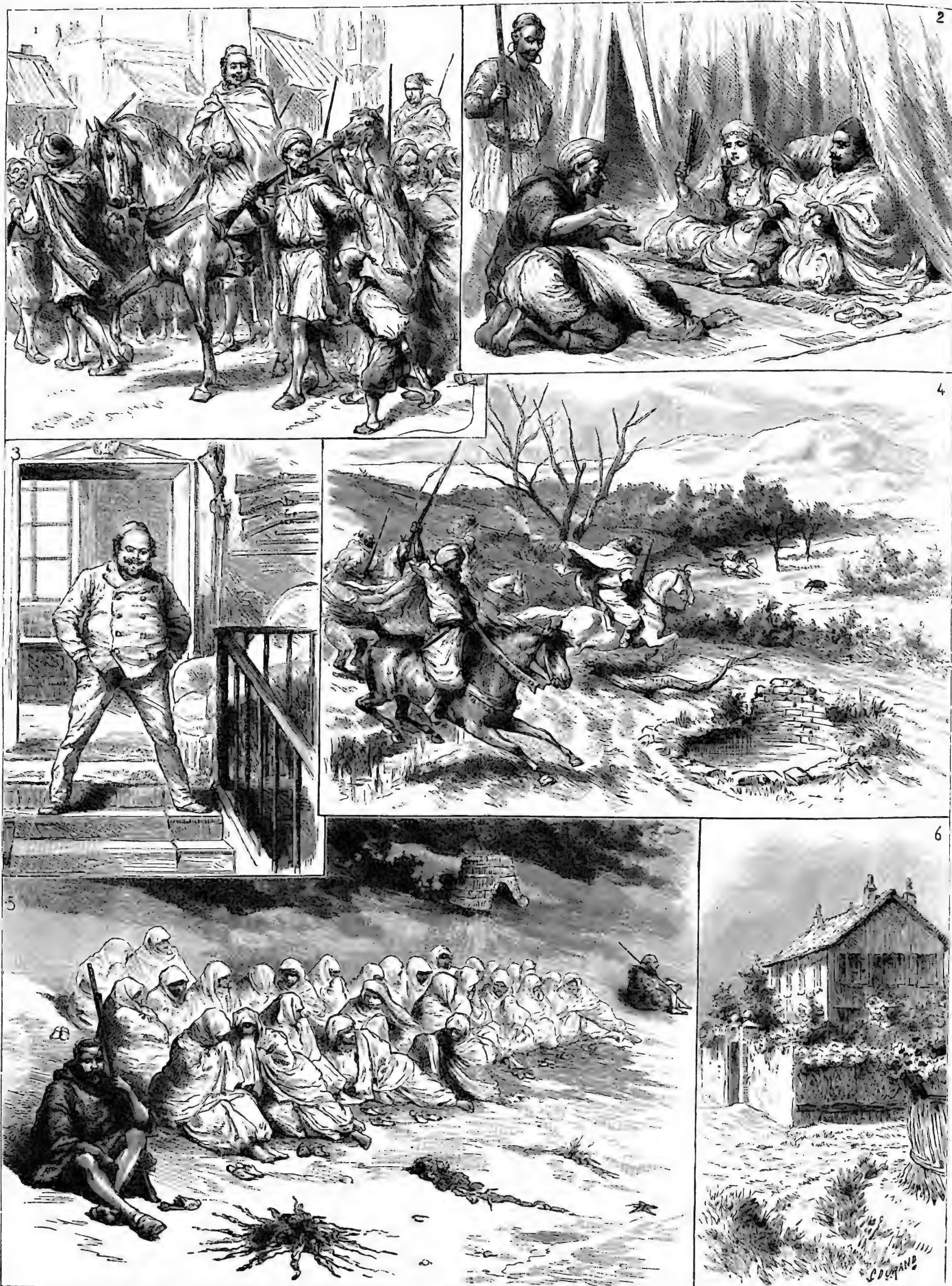
"Sleeping Music;" and in "No Time to Spare" we have proverbial common-sense phrased in swinging stanzas, as:—

We have not the time to be worried
With pitiful envy and spite,
To raise the dead hopes that lie buried,
Or bring an old grievance to light,
Or do a wrong deed, whatever our need,
We never may live to set right.

Our lives are too short for resenting
Each insult, however it stings,
Or acting in haste, and repenting,
Or beating the air with hope's wings,
Or framing wild schemes from political dreams
Or seeking impossible things.

In the Clarendon Press series, Oxford, is issued "Burns' Selected Poems," edited with Introduction, Notes, and a Glossary by Mr. J. Logie Robertson, M.A. "The Jolly Beggars" and "Holy Willie's Prayer" it has been found necessary to exclude altogether. We are also informed that "it is with the utmost reluctance that the Editor has ventured upon any alteration of the text." We are sorry that such good people should have been put to so much trouble.

GAY LITTLE MONACO has worn an unusually doleful aspect for the funeral of her late Prince, which has just taken place. The whole front of the Palace was draped in black, and most of the houses along the road to the Cathedral displayed signs of mourning. The funeral car was gorgeous with banners of the Monaco colours—red-and-white—floating from silver tulips, and the six horses were nearly hidden by heavy velvet cloths sown with silver stars, and the arms of the late Prince. Only an inhabitant of the Principality has any right to touch the body of a Grimaldi, so thirty-six of the most prominent citizens carried the coffin into the Cathedral, placing it on an elaborate catafalque which had been used for the funeral ceremonies of Victor Emmanuel and the late King of Spain. The Monte Carlo Orchestra played at the funeral Mass. Prince Albert, who succeeds his father, has very simple tastes, but is devoted to science, sport, and billiards. He never smokes, and talks little, being specially reticent about his scientific expeditions and studies, although he is a deeply-learned man.



1. The Prince Riding through the Streets. 2. Pleading for justice before the Prince. 3. The way in which the Prince receives Christian Visitors. 4. The Prince and his Retinue chasing the Wild Boar. 5. The Prince's Wives taking an airing on the Beach at Tangier, under the charge of Guards. 6. Private Residence of the English Wife of the Prince.

INCIDENTS IN THE DAILY LIFE OF H.H. HADJ ABDESLAM, PRINCE OF WAZZAM, GRAND SHEREEF OF MOROCCO

M. Edouard Detaille

SINCE THE DEATH OF DE NEUVILLE two years ago, Edouard Detaille has with good reason been considered the foremost living painter of military subjects. He has received all the distinctions awarded to artists of the first class in France, and the high qualities of his work have been fully recognised in all European countries and in America. Those who have seen the numerous pictures by him that have appeared at the Paris Salon within the last twenty years, will be surprised to find that he is not yet quite forty years of age. His strong artistic instinct manifested itself at a very early period of his career. While at the Lyceé Bonaparte he was in the habit of ornamenting his exercises and books with fanciful designs and sketches of his fellow-students and preceptors. Some of these have been preserved, and are highly prized by their possessors. Notwithstanding his distractions, Detaille passed through the Academic curriculum with much credit, and having obtained his diploma as *bachelier*, determined to devote himself to Art.

In the latter part of 1865 he became a pupil of Meissonier, who, immediately recognising his natural ability, devoted a great deal of care to his training. For a time Detaille had some difficulty

including two of large size, "Grenadiers de la Garde au Camp de Saint-Maur" and "Engagement entre les Gardes d'Honneur et les Cosaques, 1814," for each of which, when exhibited at the Salon, he received a medal. There can be no doubt that he derived enormous advantage from his association with Meissonier. There is no appearance of conscious imitation in any of his works, but to the influence of his master may fairly be attributed the correct design, the strength of style, and the artistic completeness to be seen in most of them. It was in Meissonier's studio that he acquired his complete scientific knowledge of the form and structure of the horse. Indeed, his first picture of any importance, "Cuirassiers de la Garde ferrant leurs Chevaux sur la Route d'Antibes," was painted under the supervision of Meissonier, while Detaille was spending the winter of 1867 in the South with his great master. Besides his military studies Detaille was at that time much smitten with the picturesque era of the Directory, and painted a number of exceedingly clever and interesting scenes and incidents of that epoch—such, for instance, as "La Lecture des Affiches," "L'Indication du Factionnaire," "Le Plan de Bataille," &c. Two of the military sketches which we reproduce treat of the types of troops of the Napoleonic army. The outbreak of the Franco-German War, in 1870, entirely changed the course of Detaille's life. Inspired by patriotism and military ardour, and with a view probably of finding subjects congenial to his taste, he started for the frontier in search of General Pajol, and enrolled himself in the 8th battalion of the Mables de la Seine. Three months later he was attached to General Appert in the capacity of secretary, and remained with him throughout the campaign. He did good service in making plans and topographical drawings of the environs of Paris and the places occupied by the enemy, and in the intervals of duty found time to make a

large number of sketches that have been of the greatest value to him. He was present at the battle of the 2nd December, on the banks of the Marne—one of the most terrible that took place near Paris. During this engagement he saw a whole company of Saxon soldiers massacred in a ditch. In the well-known engraved picture, "Un Coup de Mitrailleur," which he subsequently painted from this incident, the physical horror of the scene is realised with uncompromising fidelity. Like this, his larger picture of the same period, "Les Frères de la Doctrine Chrétienne relevant les Morts," is the result of personal observation, and has a striking appearance of reality.

Detaille has not often, like De Neuville, and most other military painters, depicted scenes of actual conflict. Most of his pictures, including all the best, represent episodic incidents of war that he has witnessed or imagined. The first of much importance that he produced, after the termination of the war, seems to have been evolved out of his inner consciousness. It is called "Les Vainqueurs," and represents a long line of carts heavily laden with household goods, furniture and linen, pictures, books, candlesticks and clocks, guarded by Prussian soldiers as they slowly make their way through the deep snow on a road near Paris. Among many characteristic figures in the foreground is a German Jew, who is explaining to a soldier the merits of a picture that he carries. There is good reason to suppose that during the entire campaign no such incident occurred, but the numerous figures are so distinctly characterised and so natural in their gestures, that the picture conveys a strong impression of its fidelity to fact.

In 1873, Detaille sent to the Salon "En Retraite," for which he was decorated; and in the succeeding year several pictures, including "L'Alerte,"

which was soon afterwards exhibited in London. Those who have seen it, or the excellent engraving of it, must well remember the wintry aspect of the dismal village street, and the natural movements of the infantry soldiers who, roused from their sleep by the bugle call, are hurriedly issuing from the doorways. A larger and from a technical point of view a better picture, representing a regiment that had taken an active part in the war marching past the Porte St. Martin, was one of the chief attractions at the Salon in 1875. The scene is full of vivacity and movement; the figures are naturally grouped, and among them are many strikingly true types of Parisian character, and some portraits of well-known persons, including the painter himself, who stands behind a newspaper kiosk, his master Meissonier, and his friend De Neuville. During the succeeding three years Detaille produced two very dramatically treated incidents of war, "En Reconnaissance" and "Salut aux Blessés," which added greatly to his reputation, a very highly finished little picture, "Bonaparte en Egypte," and many works in oil and water colour of less importance.

A very large official picture with many portraits, "Distribution des Drapeaux," exhibited in 1881, was popularly successful and highly praised; but it did not satisfy the painter, who, on its return from the Salon, cut it in pieces, preserving only some single figures and heads. A finished study of the subject, said to be infinitely superior to the large work, hangs in one of the salons of the Palais de l'Élysée. In the same year Detaille joined the expedition to Tunis. While taking an active part in all the military operations he availed himself of the opportunity of studying the life and manners of the natives, and collected abundant material for future work. It was probably the great popularity of Philippoteaux' enormous circular panorama of "The Siege of Paris" that induced Detaille and De Neuville, in 1882, to co-operate in the production of a work of the same kind. We remember no instance of artistic collaboration more completely satisfactory than the panorama of the



EDOUARD DETAILLE

DRUMMER OF THE 42ND HIGHLANDERS

in restraining his fertile fancy, and found the careful imitation of natural form and colour required by his master somewhat irksome. He was, however, an indefatigable worker, and soon acquired a considerable amount of technical skill. He made his first appearance at the Salon, in 1867, with a small picture, "L'Intérieur de l'Atelier de Meissonier," which attracted a good deal of attention by reason of its accuracy of detail and finished workman-ship.

From this time his progress was very rapid. His second exhibited picture, "Une Halte de Tambours," more than fulfilled the promise of the first. It is related in connection with this work that an enterprising and intelligent young model, who in the exercise of his calling, had acquired some knowledge of Art, was so convinced of its excellence that before it was quite finished he induced the painter to sell it to him for 800 francs, and that on the day of the opening of the Salon he resold it to the Princess Mathilde for 1,500 francs. Its great merits were generally recognised. In an article in the *Révue des Deux-Mondes* Edmond About spoke of it as *un vrai bijou*, and some other competent critics were scarcely less enthusiastic in its praise.

During the next two years Detaille's works were eagerly sought for, and he produced many pictures in oil and water-colour,



A VOLTIGEUR OF THE TIME OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON



TROOPER OF THE CAMEL CORPS OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON'S EGYPTIAN ARMY



INFANTRY OF THE LINE, 1835

battle of "Champigny" that was opened in the following year. Though the style of each was distinctly individual, the two artists had many qualities in common. The works of both bear evidence of close observation of Nature, and a very intimate knowledge of the life they depict. De Neuville's executive manner was broader and more vigorous than that of Detaille, but the younger artist was already a master of *technique*, and found little difficulty in painting in a style appropriate to the large scale of the work. When the panorama was completed, the original drawings in distemper of both artists were exhibited in one of the Bond Street galleries.

Soon afterwards the two painters commenced another colossal work of the same kind, choosing as their subject the battle of "Rezonville." Though executed in an incredibly short space of time, the second panorama suffers not at all by comparison with the first. Both have been in the highest degree successful, and are still open to view—one in the Champs Élysée, and the other in the building in the Rue St. Honoré formerly known as the Salle Valentino. In the Salon of 1884 Detaille exhibited a large and impressive picture, "Le Soir de Rezonville," representing a division of the French army sleeping on the battle-field before retreating to Metz. Although nothing by him of very great importance has appeared during the last three years, he has been constantly at work. On the personal invitation of the Czar, who is an enthusiastic admirer of his pictures, he was present at the manoeuvres of the Russian Army in the autumn of 1884. He has also travelled in Austria, Italy, and Spain, studying the works of the great masters of the past, and making everywhere artistic notes of the life and manners of the present day. M. Detaille is a conscientious as well as a prolific artist; he spares no pains to ensure correctness of detail. Many of his pictures accordingly, in addition to their great value as works of art, are interesting as faithful records of fact.—D. W. D.

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No other Scottish fish has attained the same degree of celebrity as the herring of Lochfyne, which is well known even in distant parts of the globe, although thousands of the fish sold under the name never were caught in the waters of "The Duke;" when, therefore, these herrings are ordered, those who order them should be sure they get them. As regards the "forgeries" indicated, they are easily detected by experts. The herrings of different localities are so marked in flavour and appearance that the water from whence they have been taken can promptly be determined by those accustomed to handle them. Just as a Tay salmon can readily be distinguished from a Tweed one, or a fish of the same kind caught in that well-managed river, the Spey, can be readily identified, so can herrings brought ashore at Tarbert or Inverary (on Lochfyne) be distinguished from those caught in the Firth of Forth, or off the coasts of Caithness or Banffshire. There is a reign of law among these fish which assigns to each district or sea its own particular breed, with external characteristics, both general and particular, easily noted by persons whose duty it is to handle them. Some herrings are invariably lean of aspect and "cold" in flavour; others again, are fat, warm in the tone, and delicious to eat, being of pronounced *gout*. A fish of Lochfyne is usually thought as much superior to the common run of herrings as a Caithness-grown grouse is to the birds of some other counties, or as the trout of Lochleven are to other lochs. The excellence of the herring of Lochfyne has been attributed to the excellent quality of the food which the fish find in that locality, and which, as an enthusiastic admirer of the fish once said, "makes the Lochfyne herring as much better than other herrings as the salmon is better than the pike." The crustaceans which afford food to them are richly endowed with oleaginous matter, and abound in the western waters of Scotland during certain months of the year, when the fish literally devour them till they become absolutely gorged with the fattening food. The herrings have been seen off the entrance to the Loch in a condition that has been described as being "lean, clean, and hungry," but in the course of a couple of months thereafter these same fish have been captured "so full of meat that their skins couldn't hold any more."

Lochfyne has contributed liberally to the biography of the herring. It has been alike a battle ground for naturalists and

economists. Although the attention of naturalists has during late years been largely concentrated on the herring, and much that is interesting in its natural history has been discovered, much yet remains to discover. In the case of the herring, some singular theories and opinions have occasionally been promulgated; first to last, indeed, it has been the victim of numerous errors—from scientific, historical, commercial, and political; but the errors which have been from time to time mixed up with its natural history—its birth, ratio of growth and habits, that is to say, are held to be more extraordinary than all the other errors which have been grafted on the life-story of *Clupea harengus*. That the common herring could emerge from the egg after a few hours, and become reproductive in the course of three or four months, was with fishermen at one time an article of faith. Many of these toilers of the sea still believe the herring to be a native of Polar waters, and delight in the recital of that old myth formulated many years ago by Pennant from the stories of sailors and the stores of his imagination, which told in graphic form of the herring as abounding in the Arctic regions, and coming at well-regulated intervals to British shores that they might be captured for the good of the people!

Various attempts have been made to ascertain the leading incidents of herring life, and much that is new has become known, although many differences of opinion remain to be reconciled, for, although it is now possible to fix the period which elapses between the spawn being deposited and the birth of the fish, it has not yet been accurately determined how long a period elapses till the herring is able to repeat the story of its birth. At one time some extraordinary speculations were current as to the period taken by these fish to reach maturity. "It becomes reproductive when it is three years old," said one theorist. "Nay," said another, "it must reach its seventh year before it spawns." As to the length of time that passes ere the fecundated roe releases its prisoner, it was stated in the catalogue of "the Swedish collection," shown at the Edinburgh Fishery Exhibition, that herrings had been hatched in twenty-four days, the parent fish having been deprived of her roe on the piscicultural plan, and a similar experiment has been made with a like result. It is difficult, however, to settle the leading points incidental to fish growth, man being unable to live in these liquid laboratories of the great deep, in which Nature jealously conceals so many of her choicest secrets. Could our naturalists explore "the dark unfathomed caves of ocean," their ignorance might probably be quickly dispelled, and the secrets of piscine prisons become a portion of their stock-in-trade.

Many of the Lochfyne fishermen maintain that the herrings which frequent that sheet of water are not more than twelve months old at the date of capture. "They grow at the rate of an inch in the month," used to be the opinion of some authorities, but we are entirely without proof of the fact. The Loch (it is in reality an arm of the sea), whatever it may have been in the olden time, is now more of a feeding than a spawning arena for the fish; it contains the kind of crustacean food—"red soil," the men call it—in which they delight, and on which they soon become fat.

The only time at which man can effectively capture the herring is when they gather in shoals and come upon their spawning-grounds, at which period they assemble in numbers so vast as to defy enumeration. No fish is more abundant; the herring, in fact, derives its name from its abundance: *heer*, from which the name is derived, signifies a host. A shoal of herrings, and there are many such, may occupy as much space in the sea as an English county of

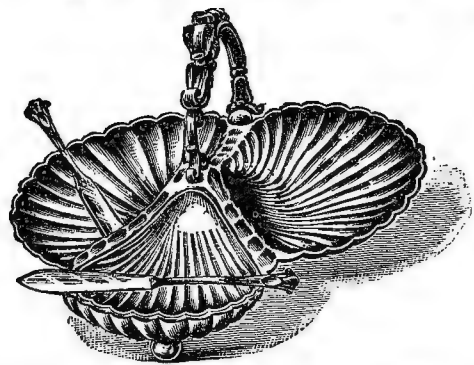
moderate dimensions, and the number of these fish captured by man, no matter the industry displayed, forms a small percentage of a shoal. It is rather a singular circumstance, indeed, that our herring wealth can be estimated by the quantities of that fish which man does not capture, but which become the prey of other agencies! The number of eggs contained in herrings has been ascertained with considerable precision, and the quantity per female fish might be averaged at not less than 25,000; but if it be assumed, and it is a safe enough assumption that each female herring is capable of yielding only 10,000 ova, and that is a number which satisfies Mr. Huxley, it will be sufficiently obvious that a few thousand pairs of herrings could produce all that man requires; but it must be kept in view in making up the account as between the seed sown and the harvest reaped, that perhaps not more than five or six in each thousand of the tens of millions of eggs voided by a shoal of herrings will reach maturity as table fish, or live long enough to become reproductive. The spawning-place of the herring has been known to swarm for two or three weeks with cod, haddock, and whiting, evidently attracted to the spot by the odour emitted by the spawn, and thus numbers of the *Godida* family as long as they remained formed a rich quarry for the fishermen. A row of figures composed of fifteen units, large as the number indicated would be (namely, 100,000,000,000) would only present a faint indication of the herrings and herring ova annually destroyed. At every stage of their lives herring become the prey of a host of enemies, and of dogfish in particular, which, when they are plentiful, devour them in literal thousands. It has been calculated that the codfish family also play havoc among the herring. The larger number of that abounding community are each reputed to consume them at the rate of 420 per annum! Estimating that the fishing waters of Scotland contain only 100,000,000 of cod, ling, hake, and haddock, that number will annually consume the enormous quantity of 42,000,000,000 of herrings; nor are the sea birds slow to avail themselves of the herring when they obtain the chance. Without entering into details of what has been discovered, it may be stated that Buckland and other naturalists and economists were able to determine that the gannets of Scotland consume 2,110,000,000 herrings in the course of a year. Having such figures to contemplate, it may well be admitted that, after all, man obtains only a small share of this wonderfully plentiful fish. The herrings of Lochfyne have more than once forsaken their haunts, and for such desertions many remarkable reasons have been offered, such as the introduction of steamboats on the loch, the changing of the fishing gear from *drift* to seine *net*, but in all probability the reason why for a time the fish forsook their old haunts arose out of the failure of their food supplies.

J. G. B.

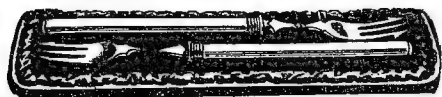
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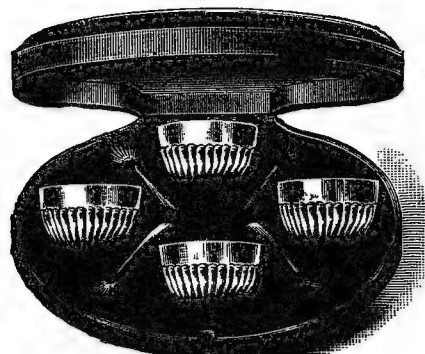
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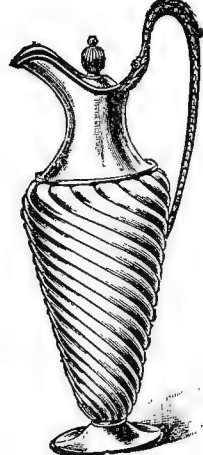
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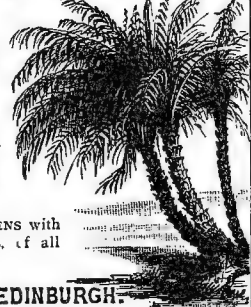
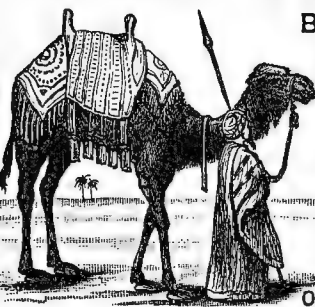
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OCTOBER—chill with the nearing winter, or calm and sunny with effusions of summer in the midday hours—is one of the pleasantest of the English months. It is the month of the first fires, in most houses, when a suggestion of winter cheeriness is first allowed to remove the dulness of the shortening days rather than absolute need of warmth, October temperature being seldom really cold, though even on the Southern Coast it is not unfrequently "chill." It is the month of long country walks and rides, when the air is perfect, the roads in good condition, the fields still unchoked with clay, as they will be after the November rains. In the changing tints of the hedges and woods—showing every shade of colour, from palest lemon-yellow to the intensest crimson—an inexhaustible study of harmonies is spread before us; nor is there wanting a certain homely pleasure in the contrast between the clean cold colour of the stubbles and the rich dark tones of the newly-turned earth, whereon, as should be with good farming, the wheat farmer is early with his autumn sowings. October is a busy month in the barn and at the market. Barley asserts a brief ascendancy over other grain; and in the scarcity, as in 1888, or the abundance, as in 1884 and 1887, of fine bright malting samples is found the main cause of briskness or slowness, satisfaction or disappointment, on the agricultural exchanges. So far as we yet have seen, the present year occupies about a medium position with respect to the yield and choice of barley.

THE SEASON, after its "chronicle of crime" from July 15th to August 25th, has reverted, in the main, to the ordinary characteristics of a respectable year. The brilliant and beautiful weather from May 15th to the end of June being reckoned as somewhat beyond our ordinary deserts, the whole year up to the end of September may receive the verdict of "fairly good." At the present moment the farmer and the fisherman, the landowner and the sportsman, have alike returned to an old inquiry, "Where has the rain gone to?" We had enough and to spare in St. Swithin's miserable forty days, yet here at Michaelmas, between "the new style" and the old, we have the streams low, the wells low, the surface-soil at least quite parched and dry, and even the reservoirs wherein summer rains were saved by no means at a high mark. The Thames is very low indeed, so low, in fact, that only for a couple of hours at high tide is navigation at Richmond possible for anything much deeper in the water than a skiff. As to the Medway, it is extremely low and clear at Tonbridge, and the same at Maidstone. The Severn, the Wye, and the Teifi are all singularly wanting in water, but the Trent and Exe among English, and the Shannon among Irish rivers, have recently risen. Still, rain is needed before the water-mills can get a really good supply of water, and before the fields can be properly ploughed and sown with autumn wheat. The root-crops would also benefit by more moisture, which would help to plump them out during the last few weeks of their sojourn beneath the soil.

THE LAST CROPS OF THE YEAR—hops, fruit, potatoes, and roots are not unfavourably spoken of as a whole. Potatoes are a heavy crop in most parts of Scotland, and in England are probably quite an average yield. Disease prevails locally, but is not widespread. It is stated—in agricultural papers too—that the diseased tubers can be profitably used for stock-feeding. We should be glad to have adequate scientific assurance that such a course is really safe. The mangolds and swedes are now expected to approach an average crop, whereas at the commencement of their growth there

was an unholy alliance of weeds, fly, and slugs against them, and as late as August the anticipation was of a deficient yield. Common turnips, though planted late in England, are most promising; their September growth was extraordinarily good. The approach of frost would compel farmers to raise them prematurely, in which case size would be sacrificed, but with October to go on growing in, turnips this season should be both large in size and sweet, and compact in flavour and growth. Hops are a fair yield, and the Worcester sorts with their delicate character and bright, good colour are in decided request. Fruit is less satisfactory, owing to both apples and pears being under an average yield, and the cultivation of these two "failures" being much more extended than that of plums and damsons, which have yielded well.

CELERY.—An interesting account has recently been published of a Lincoln farm, on which celery is cultivated with considerable success. The farm in question was occupied by an enterprising man, a large and successful grower of potatoes. In his first year he grew half an acre as an experiment, and, finding this succeeded well, he planted twenty acres. The celery is moulded up both by horses and by hand-power, the ridges or banks, by the time moulding up has been finished, being almost up to a man's waist. The roots which have been grown average $4\frac{3}{4}$ lbs., in weight, and thirteen very fine heads turned the scale at 72 lbs. These heads fetched one shilling the bundle of thirteen in London, while the more ordinary bundles of the same number sold for eightpence, and even at this low price, which leaves a profit of about 250 per cent. to the greengrocer, the return per acre has been 45s. against about 10s. an acre yielded by wheat in the form of grain and straw. The comparison in each case is of good, fit soil. The expense of cultivating the celery is considerable, but capital in England is never backward where the hope of profit is really sound. It will occur to most of our readers, that the demand for celery is not exactly co-extensive with that for wheat. This is true enough, but celery is certainly an under-used and under-cultivated vegetable. It commands a double chance of favour, being almost the only vegetable, except the tomato, which is equally good both raw and cooked; and its value as a mild nerve tonic, together with its use as a dietetic for rheumatic patients, is only gradually coming to be recognised.

A NEW RURAL INDUSTRY is being opened up in Kent, namely, the cultivation of blackberries for profit. Enormous quantities of this fruit are grown on the hedges and commons of the south-eastern counties, and some farmers who have gathered the fruit systematically have found it saleable to the jam-makers and to the fruiterers of the big towns. The crop this autumn is exceptionally heavy, owing to the fine and warm weather at the end of August and first fortnight of September. The drawback of blackberry bushes is their attracting trespassers. It may be added that the blackberry responds to cultivation, and we believe that with a little botanical care the size and flavour of the fruit in cultivated strains could be raised to approach, if not to equal, the mulberry.

NEW GRAIN has been poured upon the markets in a desolating abundance absolutely destructive of the farmer's own chances in the way of a fair price. Last week, at 187 statute markets, 83,062 qrs. were sold, whereas after the splendid crop of 1887 only 75,302 qrs. were sold at the same markets in the corresponding week. The septennial average is 68,488 qrs. As a natural result the price is now down to 29s. 1d., which is 4s. 3d. below the average. Barley is going the same way, as deliveries of 57,469 qrs. as compared with an average of 33,982 qrs., have made the price 29s., against the average of 30s. 11d. per qr. Oats, too, are very much cheapened by hasty sales; 12,611 qrs. were sold last week, against 10,583 qrs. on the average, and the price was 16s. 11d., or 4s. below the mean.

THE SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY, the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, Minister of Agriculture—a square peg in a square hole—remains M.P. for Sleaford, where the Lincolnshire voters retained him last week by an increased majority.



I.

IN the *Universal Review* the opening article, "The Liberalism of To-morrow," is by Mr. W. T. Stead. His political forecast is certainly interesting, and covers a large amount of ground. He observes, with reference to a subject not very popular with the Liberals of to-day:—"If compulsory service should be indispensable, the Swiss, not the German, system should be our guide. Thirty days' smart training of our youth under canvas every summer might be useful as a measure of national hygiene; although from that point of view it would be difficult to refuse similar advantages to the other sex, who, in their calling as mothers, have to undergo risk of death, due to lack of healthy physical training, greater than that of the ordinary soldier."—Mrs. Graham Tomson writes a graceful and attractively-illustrated poem, "The Story of Marpessa: As Heard in Hades."—"The Teaching of Art" is the heading for a group of valuable papers by Professor Herkomer, Mr. H. H. La Thangue, Mr. Walter Crane, Sir James Linton, and the Editor.—We may also call attention to a pleasant illustrated article on "The Boyhood of Schiller," by Mr. Otto Brahm.

The most generally taking contribution to this month's *Scribner* is "How I Crossed Masai-land," by Mr. Joseph Thomson. He tells freshly and concisely the story of his wonderful journey in 1883 from the African coast to Lake Victoria Nyanza, over a route till then untrodden by a white man. The Masai, who hold this country, were reputed to be the boldest and most unscrupulous savages in Africa, and Mr. Stanley had said that the only way to cross Masai-land was "with a thousand rifles." Yet Mr. Thomson made the journey successfully, and that with only a hundred and forty men, not one of whom was lost by violence. This article is illustrated from photographs.—A good travel-paper is Mr. Charles Sprague Smith's "A Summer in Iceland."

Lord Tennyson's poem in the *New Review* consists of four verses, and is addressed to "The Thrush." It is so short that the editor asks those who notice it, not to quote from it. Its shortness is, however, not its only attraction—it is also fairly sweet, like the voice of the small harbinger of summer it is meant to immortalise.—There is a clever paper on "The New Journalism," by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who should know all about it. "The daily newspaper," he says, "often appears to me to bear a certain resemblance to a street piano—its music is not classical, nor very melodious, and, perhaps, there is a certain absence of soul, but the notes should come out clear, crisp, sharp."—Cardinal Manning and Mr. John Burns are to be read on "The Great Strike," and Professor Vambéry is interesting on "The Shah's Impressions of Europe."

Blackwood opens with a powerful story, "Master of His Fate," by Mr. J. MacLaren Cobban.—The question of "The Crofters" is very carefully examined by Mr. Reginald MacLeod and "An Islesman," the former dealing with "The Crofter Commission," the latter with "Their Condition and Prospects."—Lord Brabourne has a smart criticism of "The Liberal Party." Referring to the practice of obstruction, he observes:—"The question is really so far above party considerations that men of all parties in a constituency which has been unlucky enough to return one of these mischievous egotists might well combine to return a representative who would relieve it from this reproach."

Archdeacon Farrar writes the first paper in *Murray* on "Brotherhoods of the Poor." He anticipates great benefits from the formation of such organisations, and thinks that they will bring to bear upon the religious needs of the multitude a force no less mighty than that which was exercised by the early followers of St. Benedict or the Minorites of St. Francis, or the Poor Priests of Wycliffe, or the early Methodist preachers.—There is an amusing article, "Jools



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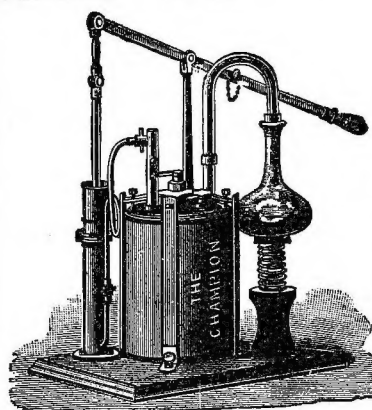
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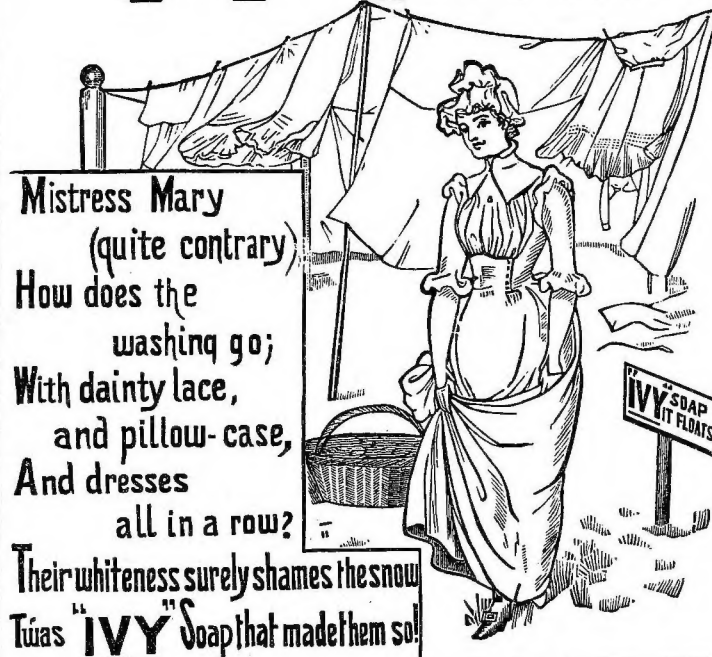
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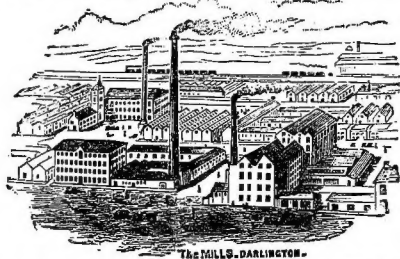
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